Week ending Nov. 14 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Beginning this week: The first authentic life story of

THE DUCHESS OF KENT

Andrew Garve's new thriller
THE GOLDEN DEED

The man who can't keep out of prison

Everybody's Crossword by Leslie Stokes

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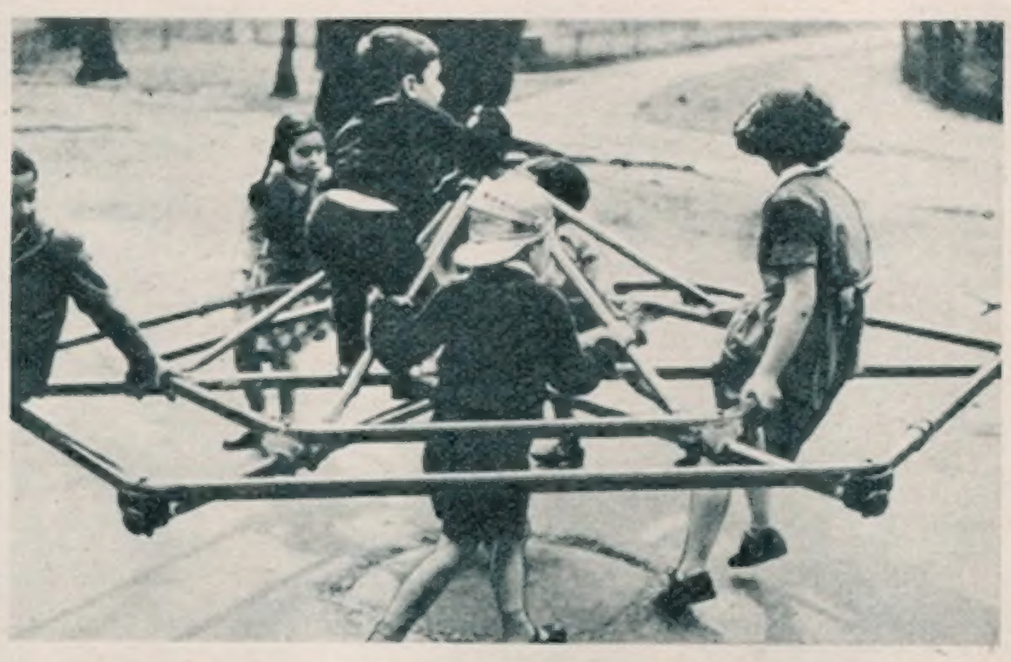

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JOHN BULL
EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY
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The Cover

STRICTLY, of course, this is no place for a dog. But who could really resist the blandishments of this good-natured old gatecrasher? Not the café proprietor, nor the waiter—and certainly in the silent battle of wits this customer has lost the first round. Bones are all right, but a dog likes a spot of luxury living—and table titbits taste better for being forbidden fare. "At such times," says artist Chittock, "comes the chance for man to show he's a dog's best friend"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Sooner The Merrier

I DON'T understand why some people get so irritated when our big stores open up the Christmas sales campaign six or seven weeks before December 25.

It's meant to be the festive season, isn't it? Not just one day of merriment in an otherwise featureless winter.

There's no sense in saying that our shops make Christmas meaningless and commercial. We will never stop buying each other gifts at this time—and surely it's better to buy presents at leisure than to cram everything into the last week.

As anticipation is often the most enjoyable part of any pleasure, good luck to those who raise my spirits by getting Santa Claus into action so early.—J. WHITING, Brighton, Sussex.

Plastic Spoon Club

Recently there was an illness in our home and when I took a prescription to the chemist I was given a plastic teaspoon.

During the illness I went to three different chemists and from each received another spoon.

Had our trouble gone on for much longer we would have accumulated a fine collection.—M. R. DODD, South Road, Lancaster.

"There is so much variation in size among teaspoons today that manufacturers of medicaments sometimes give away a standard size teaspoon of plastic," says the Pharmaceutical Society.

"This is done as a safety measure and is generally only for those medicines which would be dangerous if taken in larger quantities than stated."

Just A Slave

One of the dilemmas created by the fact that so many married women work is that there is an ever decreasing number available for voluntary work.

I know—I am one of the few left who can be called upon. Therefore, I am expected automatically to collect money for charities and good causes, to help with church work, youth clubs, Girl Guides, to knit and sew oddments for bazaars and sales of work.

On top of that comes looking after sick children, taking dogs out for walks, and shopping for those neighbours who get paid for working.

If I suggest that I cannot do any of these things I meet the inevitable comment—"but surely you have plenty of time—you don't go out to work!"—MRS. A. O., Amesbury, Wiltshire.

Courtesy Express

In view of the regularity with which British Railways receive "rockets" I would like to pay them a tribute.

I came out of hospital recently after a slipped disc and phoned Paddington Station, asking if we could reserve one side of a compartment for a journey to Cornwall. This was to enable me to lie down on the journey.

I was told that a whole compartment would be reserved at no charge if I produced a doctor's certificate. On the journey we met with every possible assistance and courtesy. The same service was provided for the return journey.—LEONARD S. FEARNLEY, Guildford, Surrey.

Ordeal For Politicos

It would be interesting to know what pet wishes your readers have

for their new M.P.s. Mine is that every M.P. will frequently be stuck in traffic behind a 15-ton diesel lorry with a nice fruity exhaust.

This might make them think that it's time these juggernauts were banished from the highway to the iron roads which our grandfathers in their wisdom built for such loads.

For the Minister of Transport I would wish a double dose of the above pleasure.—R. BLAIR, St. Leonards, Sussex.

Suppression Costs

A few years ago we had all our electrical apparatus suppressed. It was done by the G.P.O. at a reasonable cost. Now we find they will have to be done again as they interfere with neighbours' TV sets.

Would it not be possible for the post office to subtract something from each TV licence to pay for this service? By this, those who benefit most would pay the cost.—CHARLES G. STUMPF, Basingstoke, Hants.

"The law says that the owners of the goods which cause interference shall pay for the suppression and not the people who suffer from TV interference," says the post office.

"You must have a suppressor on a new motor-car, or such things as vacuum cleaners, hair driers and electric drills, if you are going to use them when TV programmes are on."

WHAT'S COOKING? . . .

The answer is in three little words—an intriguing clue in Leslie Stokes's famous Everybody's Crossword. This entertaining competition is reintroduced this week. It will bring you fun—and perhaps a prize.

. . . See page 45

Wandering Spawn

We were very interested to read about the unpredictability of growing mushrooms ("Free Speech," October 17). We planted some mushroom spawn in our lawn, carefully following the directions of an expert.

Not a single mushroom ever appeared. One day, walking round a friend's garden, immediately across the road from ours, we saw some fine mushrooms. He told us he'd been picking them every day for a week, but had not planted any spawn.—MRS. M. B. BENNETT, Aggborough Crescent, Kidderminster, Worcs.

"Mushroom spawn is notorious for this sort of thing," says an expert. "In this case it would probably be the wind which blew the spawn across the road.

"Countless people go to great trouble every year to prepare mushroom beds and put down spawn—in vain. Yet others suddenly find mushrooms sprouting up in their lawns—to their complete surprise."

Spread The Load

Is it not time that local rates were levied on all incomes, in the same way as the standard method of taxing earnings?

It has always struck me as grossly unfair that houseowners and occupiers carry the whole weight of local

rates. By sharing this load, rates could be greatly reduced.—K. JOHN, Ashgate Road, Chesterfield.

Taken For Granted?

Under the National Health Service record cards and notes exist on each of us. I think that the automatic passing of such notes may actually hinder accurate diagnosis.

A doctor reading a case history may be misled by any mistaken conclusions made by a previous doctor or specialist.—DRUMMOND ELLIS, Hayes Lane, Wimborne, Dorset.

"It's clearly essential for each doctor to know the clinical history, including hospital records, of his patients," says the Ministry of Health.

"Doctors will make up their own minds about proper treatment on their own examinations, and if a mistake has been made, it should soon be obvious by the fact that the treatment is having no effect."

Hands Apart

In the last few years there have been seven sets of twins in my school, four identical and three mixed. I noticed that while the identical twins looked and behaved alike in most respects, in every case one was left-handed and the other right-handed.

Yet, with the twins who were not identical the same hand was always used for writing.—E. G. NICHOL, Holmes Chapel, nr. Crewe, Cheshire.

"These identical twins were almost certainly 'mirror' twins," says a doctor. "They are identical in the same way that a mirror reflection is identical—everything is the wrong way round. They are fairly rare."

Left Is Safer

I recently bought a left-hand-drive car and almost at once noticed a considerable improvement in my driving.

I am no longer tempted to take

a man looks
and feels
his best in

Peter Scott

SPORTSWEAR*

*OBTAINABLE FROM GOOD
OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE

sp80

Free Speech

continued from page 3

the slightest risk when overtaking other vehicles, because I have a restricted view of traffic coming in the opposite direction.

I now wait until I am absolutely certain that the road in front is clear before passing.

Furthermore, when driving in towns I seem to have a far better view of the kerb and pavement than I had in my old car.

Car manufacturers and road safety experts should discuss this as a possible way of cutting down accidents. —A. H., Sheffield.

"This is an unusual viewpoint which would find little support among road safety experts," says the Society of Motor Manufacturers.

"It may be desirable to get a better view of the kerb—but, after all, cars drive on roads and sooner or later one has to overtake, when a view of the oncoming traffic is essential.

"You can buy a left-hand-drive car by specifying this when you order a new model—there are no regulations against using them in Britain. But they are a risk because they make hand signals almost impossible."

Just An Extra?

A friend of mine bought a house from a builder. When he arrived with his furniture the estate agent told him there was a hitch in the mortgage agreement and he could take occupation only if he agreed to do so as a rent-paying tenant until the hitch had been cleared up.

My friend refused and forced the agent to give him the key. Afterwards he learned that almost everyone else in the road had been told the same story and had to pay several weeks' rent. Is there any legal protection against this kind of thing?—Mrs. V. L., London, S.W.19.

"It's false economy not to employ a qualified solicitor to watch your interests, independently of the estate agents or vendor," says a lawyer.

"Where there is a genuine hitch in the mortgage the owner of the house is entitled to charge something for tenancy of the house until the occupier starts paying the mortgage.

"Where this charge is made (and many vendors do not charge anything) it is generally a nominal sum."

Going West?

According to the guide-books only main ("A") and secondary ("B") roads are numbered in this country. Yet while on holiday this year in Lincolnshire and Norfolk I noticed several other roads, especially in the Holland division of Lincolnshire, which were numbered "C-11," etc.

What is the reason for this exception to the general rule?—P. Nelson, Uxbridge Road, Harrow Weald, Harrow, Middx.

"This is one of the few 'C' class roads still marked this way," says the Automobile Association. "The signs that Mr. Nelson saw are all old, and they will disappear as soon as the signposts are repainted."

Difference In Tender

The letter about different ways of folding arms ("Free Speech," October 17) reminds me of the way men and women hand their fares to bus conductors.

A woman invariably holds out the money in the palm of her hand for the conductor to pick up. A man almost always holds it out between finger and thumb. Why this should

be so has puzzled me for years.—E. Duffell, Sunderland.

A Busy Line

My branch line between Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth carried a trickle of morning passengers and it was strongly rumoured that the line would be closed. Then British Railways, at the request of regulars, increased the service. It now carries about four times as many passengers. There is no more talk of closing the line.—Mrs. M. Goldman, Littleham, Devon.

Menus For Minors

During a holiday in America a friend of mine was impressed by the way children were treated in restaurants.

One establishment in Chicago not only had a special menu for children, decorated with animal designs, but also gave each child a packet of crayons. While waiting for the meal the child could colour the menu and afterwards take it and the crayons away. If this were copied here it might

continued on page 6

NEXT WEEK

HAS ANNA ASLAN FOUND THE SECRET OF LOST YOUTH?

A Hungarian professor is coming to Britain to tell doctors about her revolutionary new drug—the drug that can bring vitality to the ageing. Don't miss Dr. Patrick Richardson's authoritative article

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THE Radisil INFRA-RED RADIANT HEATER for the Modern Home

Engelhard Industries Ltd · Hanovia Lamps Division
SLOUGH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE R.7./50

Free Speech

continued from page 4

ease the strain of taking children out to eat.—DOROTHY FAREBROTHER, Thirsk Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

Is Jam Passé?

I have always made large quantities of delicious jams, jellies and marmalades, and when my children were small I could just keep up with their needs.

Now I have grandchildren and I find that they prefer savoury spreads, cheese, chicken and fish-paste.

Have jam manufacturers noticed any decline in the market for their products? — MRS. CONSTANCE R. GREEN, Woodland Way, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

"Jam sales have dropped in the last ten years," says a jam manufacturer. "However, we still eat more jam in proportion to population than any other country. The drop is probably due to increased competition from the kind of savoury spreads Mrs. Green mentions."

A Lighter Note

An official of the Royal Mint says that it might be advantageous to introduce a ten-shilling piece. Surely this would be progressing backwards. We already have a satisfactory ten-shilling note.

Wouldn't it be better to introduce a five-shilling note? Introducing new silver coins would only add to the cumbersome weight of silver we already have to carry about.—H. M. GENT, Farleigh Road, Warlingham, Surrey.

Just Looking On

Why do so many people just stand and stare at those who are injured in road accidents? A friend saw an accident in which the three victims lay on the ground with a crowd round them doing nothing. A torn piece of shirt would have helped to staunch the blood till the ambulance arrived.

Perhaps if the bystanders knew that damage to the clothing would be compensated they would be more eager to help.—F. C. HENNESSEY, Southwick, Fareham, Hants.

"It's a great pity that compensation is in so many minds," says the Red Cross. "However, there is no general compensation for people who suffer loss by helping in accidents.

"We cover our members to the extent of £15 for clothing damage. Anyone who is put off by financial risk might care to join our organization."

Top Of The School

A friend who fishes off Cornwall tells me that he often sees shoals of bass and mackerel swimming behind a leader. When the leader turns, they all turn.

I wonder how fish choose their leaders. Is it on physical strength—or on superior brainpower?—MRS. DORIS PILKINGTON, Bramley Cross, Lancs.

"A great deal of research is being done into fish movements," says a marine biologist. "One theory is that shoals follow a leader, but we don't know how they choose him. Another is that they have a form of mass communication, perhaps telepathy."

Emergency Stock

A chemist with whom I had left a prescription failed to supply the most necessary item — tablets to relieve pain.

He informed me that he would have them in four days' time. I protested in vain. It should be obligatory for chemists who cannot provide all the items on a prescription to point this out so that one can go to another.—A. I., Carlisle.

"Chemists are required to carry a number of standard lines, but obviously with about forty-eight new preparations coming out each week we cannot stock them all," says a chemist.

"If the deficiency was spotted by the person who took the order the customer would normally be told. Often we discover this only after the customer has left."

A great new series by the most outspoken man in Britain —forthright, frank, hard-hitting . . .

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY

by Gilbert Harding

His first brilliant article APPEARS NEXT WEEK

Because nothing springs back like Acrilan

SLACKS MADE WITH ACRILAN STAY NEW LONGER

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G&G

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One of the most popular in the Vic-Trees range is the Vic-Tree "Anatomic" illustrated on right and retailing at 7/6d. per pair.

Christmas is an expensive time for everyone—thank goodness that Vic-Trees provide the perfect and economical answer to the Gift problem with a range of shoe trees for both ladies and gents at prices ranging from 3/6d. to 9/11d. And every pair is packed in a most attractive Yuletide carton. You can buy this different and acceptable present from all the leading shoe stores—and incidentally, treat yourself to a pair—you won't regret it!

Good Shoes last longer — look better — thanks to

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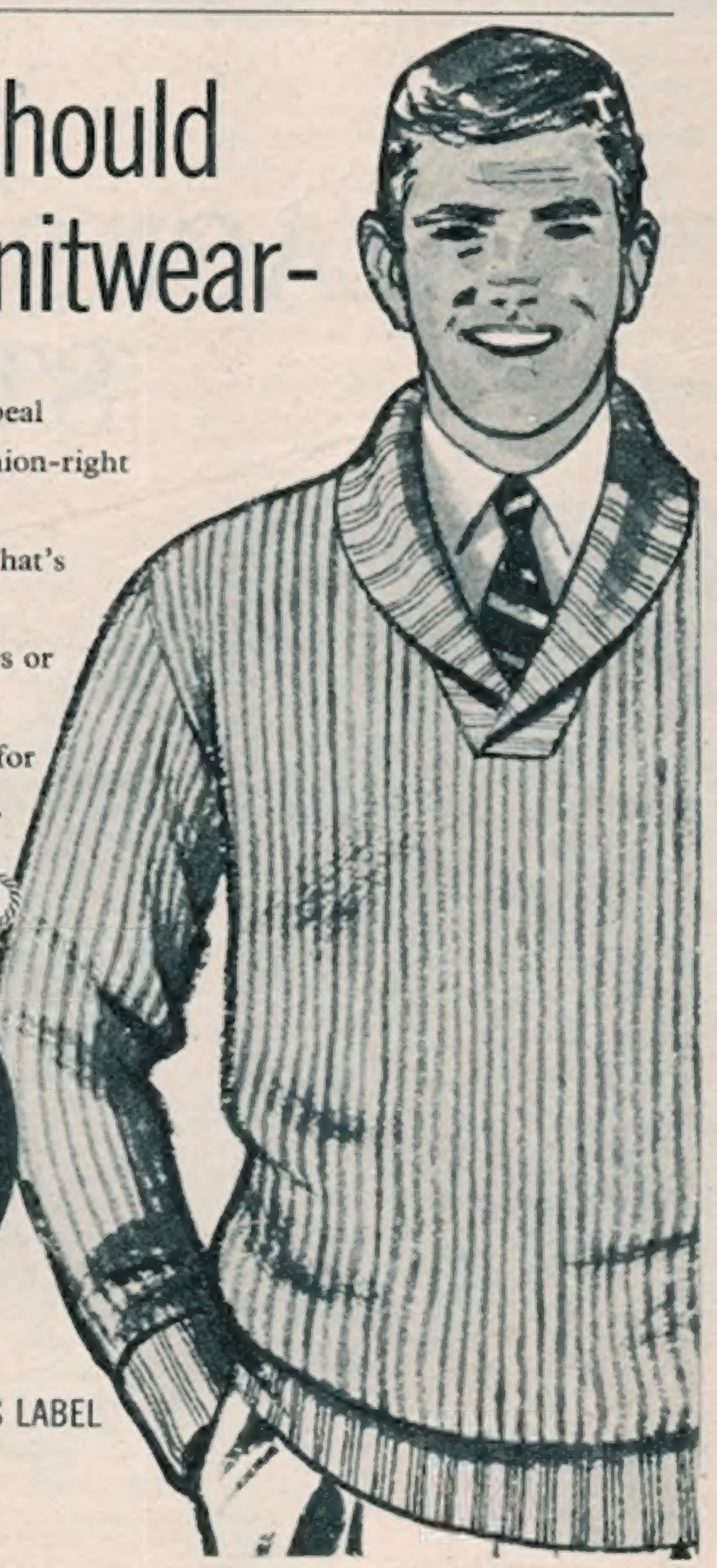


PICK THE GARMENT WITH THIS LABEL

J. PICK & SONS LIMITED, LEICESTER

The happy princess who lived with tragedy

by J. WENTWORTH DAY

Beginning the first authentic biography of the girl they called Marina—written from documents never published before

IN the city where houses and churches sprawled like scattered jewels between mountains and the sea, bells rang out from high and gilded steeples. Cannon boomed from mountain fortresses. Guns flashed from men-of-war riding out at sea.

The thunder of them rolled far off on the horizon among the Isles of Greece. On all those isles of asphodel and olives, from Samothrace to the pillared ruins of Rhodes, the news rang.

Athens saluted a babe in her cradle.

Daughter of a royal prince, granddaughter of a king, great-granddaughter of a Czar of All the Russias, descended on her father's side from the Royal House of Glücksburg, monarchs of Denmark, and on the other side from the Romanoffs, the fabulous dynasty of Russia, the child in her mother's arms opened her eyes upon a world of splendour and power immutable—or so it seemed, in that age of thrones and empires, on December 13, 1906.

When her grandparents, King George I of Greece and Queen Olga, walked upstairs and entered the big room, full of dusky sunlight, the tall king with sweeping cavalry moustaches said tenderly: "I suggest you call her Marina. She was one of the best-loved of all the Greek saints."

When one of her godmothers, the Princess of Wales, heard that hauntingly uncommon name, she wrote: "I

The Duchess of Kent today. Her happy marriage ended in disaster, when her husband died in an air crash

The happy

Miss Kate Fox, English governess to the Greek Royal Family, with her three charges, (left to right) Princesses Elizabeth, Marina and Olga

The Duchess's parents, Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece. In exile, the Prince lived by his paintings, which were hailed as brilliant

think it is the prettiest name I have ever heard."

One day that tiny child with the enchanting eyes would become her own daughter-in-law.

In the first few formative years, the child who was to grow to classic loveliness, the most elegant princess of her time and age, saw the last splendours of the Russian Court in its almost barbaric magnificence. She saw too, as a child, those who had been noble, gallant and great, near starvation in the back-streets of Paris.

Many people instinctively think of the Duchess of Kent as the glass of fashion, the mould of elegance, the chic leader of quiet good taste—a life clouded by one tragedy only. The truth is that her life, almost from the earliest years, was rocked by violent contrasts of tragedy and happiness.

She came, in the first place, from a royal house which, in less than a hundred years, has known more deaths and upheavals than probably any other royal house in Europe.

The first seven years of the Duchess's childhood, though, were mercifully free of tragedy and sudden death. These horrors were far from the white-walled gardens of the great house in Athens that was the little Princess Marina's childhood home.

It was given to her mother, Princess Nicholas, by the Czar as a wedding present and looked more like an English country house of Georgian grace than a royal palace.

The little Princess's family life was governed by her father's strict sense of duty and discipline; his love of art and his sense of humour.

Democratic court

Her mother was the daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch. He was the son of Czar Alexander II and the uncle of Czar Nicholas II, whose wife, the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, was deeply religious, devoted to her children with a sense of mysticism inherent in her Russian blood.

Luckily for Princess Marina, there was no strict code of royal etiquette such as that which governed the imperial courts of Russia and Germany. King George of Greece, her grandfather, held the most democratic court in Europe. He loathed formality and unnecessary pomp.

He walked about the streets ready and willing to talk to anyone. Often he would enter the humblest Greek home, listen to troubles and put them straight.

No king in Eastern Europe was more adored.

Prince Nicholas held the same views as his father. He brought up his three girls on the same lines. They led a healthy unaffected life, romping in the garden with their grey mongrel puppy and a troop of tame rabbits.

The servants were not allowed to address them as "Your Royal Highness" until each child was old enough to understand and carry with dignity her royal responsibilities. The result was that although Princess Marina, perhaps more than any of them, was strong-willed, determined and unquenchable, she was never bumptious.

Her two sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elizabeth, discovered by the time she was three or four years old that, although they could mother her, they could never boss her.

She loved dolls, particularly one called "Mary." She made Mary deputise for her when driving in an open Victoria or landau.

"It hurts my neck to bow, and Mary will do the bowing," she announced. So Mary was held up in one tiny hand while the other hand inclined Mary's neck and waved Mary's hand to the crowds.

Marina's love of children, which began with Mary and the other dolls, soon crystallized into adoration of other babies. The tinier and more helpless they were, the longer she would stand

princess who lived with tragedy

continued from page 9

and peer into the cradle. If she was playing on the lawns and a perambulator passed the palace gates, she would drop the game immediately and run at top speed for a peep at the baby, no matter whose it might be.

Her kingly grandfather could walk the streets of Athens and chat with passers-by, but even his democracy was completely outclassed by that of his small grandchild. Once she sat down in the middle of the tramlines. Her English governess picked her up and said firmly that if she did it again she would be spanked. Princess Marina promptly sat down again.

The greatest single influence in Princess Marina's young life, apart from that of her own family, was her English governess, Miss Fox, who joined the Greek Royal Family when the three children were small.

Princess Marina learned from her English fairy tales and English nursery rhymes. She insisted on saying her good-night prayers in English and not in Greek.

When her grandmother, Queen Olga, asked her why she would not pray in Greek, she replied with simple finality: "I've arranged it with God. I told Him I liked to talk to Him in English best and He said 'Please yourself, Marina. All languages are the same to me'."

Another enchanting story concerns the evening when she was told to go to bed at six o'clock and say her prayers like any other good little girl. She meant to stay up.

"Lots of other little girls are going to bed now," she argued. "God must be terribly busy listening to all their prayers. If I go to bed later on, the rush will be over and God will have more time to listen to me."

God was, and still is, a very real Being in her life.

When her father lectured her for some infant misdoing and told her that she ought to tell God she was sorry for being naughty, she looked him straight in the eye.

"What would be the use?" she said. "If God knows everything He must know I'm sorry without being told. I don't want to waste His time."

This devastating logic of hers, usually uttered with a mischievous smile, was invincible. It defeated everyone.

She began to draw at the age of three or four. Soon, the wiggles and squiggles took shape. The small girl produced a recognizable drawing of the Acropolis itself. This delighted her father, who was a painter of outstanding merit. He took her in hand seriously. Before long, she could not only draw but paint.

Prince Nicholas brought up his daughters with plenty of healthy outdoor exercises. An English groom, called Taylor, taught them riding. Princess Marina adored it; she was utterly without fear. When only eight years old she jumped a ditch against orders—and stuck to the saddle.

Swimmer at three

She learned to swim at the age of three when she hurled herself into the water without consulting anyone, merely because she saw her elder sisters swimming.

When a little older, she was given a stove with a miniature oven and a set of saucepans. She baked biscuits, cooked dishes and became quite a knowledgeable cook by the time she was ten or eleven.

The little princesses were dressed usually in blue, pink or white, with matching bows in their hair. Hats varied from sun-bonnets to floppy hats, tied under the chin with a large muslin bow. I have seen one photograph of Princess Marina in her pram, wearing the most fetching white fluffy bonnet which flared out over the ears with the brim coming to a "v" above her nose. She knew how to wear a hat to advantage even in those days.

Music and the theatre were also early loves. Princess Marina took part in a good many private theatricals in her father's own theatre in Athens.

Baroness Von der Hoven described one occasion when Princess Marina took part in a performance before her parents, statesmen and diplomats: "She had composed most of her dances herself, copying them from the Greek peasant dances. She had also trained her little cousins and planned the whole performance.

"She had ordered about her little troupe: she knew exactly what she wanted and how she wanted it done, and though the youngest of the group, she had to be obeyed."

From that early training sprang that enduring love of music and the theatre which has made the Duchess of Kent today the patroness of good acting and good music.

Tatoi is perhaps the clearest picture in her childhood memories. It was the private country estate of her grandfather, King George I—the Sandringham of the Greek royal family.

Feast for peasants

Perhaps it would be truer to liken it to Balmoral for it was a 40,000-acre paradise of mountains, fir forests, pinewoods and mountain streams falling like lace. Fifty miles of private roads, built by the King, climbed the grey-green hills. Hard by the house itself were vineyards, where the royal family's own wine was made. Then there was a home farm, with a dairy, where the pigs and cows ate, rather grandly, out of white marble troughs.

Life at Tatoi was free, unfettered and homely. The royal children loved it.

Unforgettable and indeed incredible to modern urban minds was the annual fête and midnight feast given on the Queen's birthday and name-day to all the workers, tenants, shepherds, foresters, hunters and trappers on the estate. All were invited with the entire population of a village ten miles away. It was a day of feudal feasting, and paternal benevolence, the like of which the world will never see again.

The soldiers, who ate separately, had their own plates and goblets and used knives and forks, but most of the peasants and workmen used their fingers. They grabbed a piece of hot sizzling, roast mutton, ate it between finger and thumb and then wiped their hands on leaves. The red, resinous Greek wine went round. And there, as Prince Nicholas has described it, were "all those people sitting cross-legged, eating their mutton and drinking their wine, as happy as kings, or rather, as kings ought to be. My father always went and drank a glass of wine with them and wished them happiness and prosperity. . . .

"When the band was at its hottest and the perspiration was streaming from the musicians' faces, my father, following an old custom, used to place a sovereign on every man's forehead and, the perspiration acting as glue, the coins remained safely in position."

Princess Marina and her sisters went among the feasting peasants, talking and laughing with them. Many women brought the little princesses bunches of flowers and pieces of home-made embroidery.

Those memories of idyllic, far-off days among an unspoiled people in the mountains linger today. Sometimes in Kensington Palace, or in the quiet peace of Coppins, the Duchess hears again in memory the wild skirl of the Grecian bagpipes and the drums throbbing through the dark forest—the old, rough music that rang through the mountains and over the isles of Greece when the gods were young.

Soon war-clouds darkened the Greek horizon. Bulgaria and Serbia first declared war on Turkey. Greece followed.

The Crown Prince Constantine, Princess Marina's uncle, took command

continued on page 41

Princess Marina's grandfather, King George I of Greece. He met his death one day in 1913 —shot by a loitering madman

Princess Marina's aunt, Queen Sophie. She was accused of communicating with German submarines by underwater cable

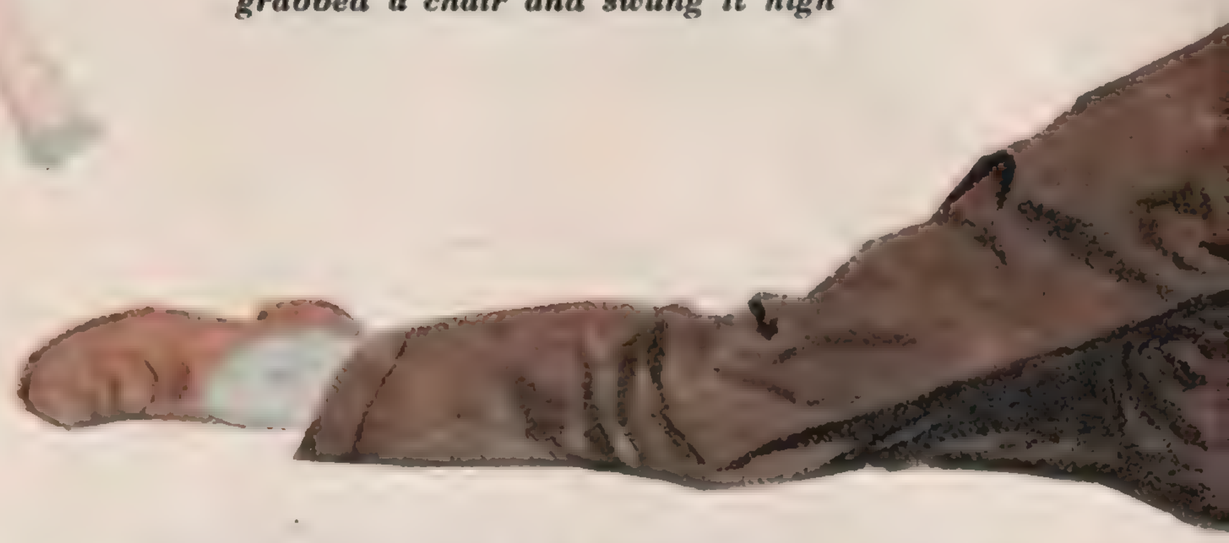
King Constantine of Greece (Marina's "Uncle Tino"), who was forced into exile, and his brother Andrew, father of the Duke of Edinburgh

THE GOLDEN DEED by ANDREW

Everybody Afraid

He came to their home as a friend. him came distrust, then fear . . . and

Sally gave a gasping cry as Sherston sagged and went down under Roscoe's attack. Desperately her husband grabbed a chair and swung it high



IT was Sally Mellanby who first voiced their feelings about Keith Roscoe. "I know I ought to like him," she told her husband. "But actually I'm a bit afraid of him. He's beginning to take possession of the house. . . ."

John Mellanby would have told Roscoe to leave. But Mellanby, a shy, sensitive scholar—an archaeologist—had a crushing sense of obligation to the man. No doubt about it, Roscoe was a hero. He had saved Sally and their boy from drowning.

To repay, the Mellanbys had put up Roscoe at their lovely home near Bath, offered him a loan, lent him a car to hunt for land for a poultry farm. For Roscoe, a burly giant, was out of a job.. He'd been a major in the Glosters, he said—bowler-hatted at forty.

But as a guest he was impossible: rude, bullying, exhibitionist. Worst of all was his behaviour to the Sherstons. Out in the car, he collided with their caravan when they were on their way to camp in the quarry in nearby Blackett's Lane. The Mellanbys went over to help, and found the Sherstons very pleasant people: George was fiftyish; his wife Eve twenty years younger, and a beauty.

That was the trouble. Roscoe insulted George and took a blatant interest in his wife. George, a choleric oil man from Trinidad, a tough egg, was very angry.

But Roscoe apologized, and it seemed that everything would turn out well. Then a letter arrived—a letter, Roscoe said, demanding repayment of a loan. He asked Mellanby for the money . . . for £7,000.

"You owe me for two lives," he said. "You've talked a great deal about gratitude. Okay—this is the pay-off."

PART TWO

MELLANBY stared. The change of heart was clearly over. Here was the old, offensive Roscoe back again — but this time there was something new as well. The whole situation, Mellanby felt, was beginning to take a rather ugly turn.

"You put things very bluntly," he said.

"I've got to put things bluntly," said Roscoe. "Unless I can raise this money, I'm sunk. You promised to help me, and I need help. I'm claiming it as a right."

Mellanby took out his pipe and lit it, and puffed away quietly while he considered the position. Finally he said: "All right, Roscoe, I'll be equally blunt. I accept that I have an obligation —a big one. It's been weighing on me quite a bit. I've been waiting for an opportunity to discharge it. If you'd come to me, as I hoped you would, and said that you'd found the farm you'd been looking for and needed a few thousands to put you on your feet there, I'd have been glad to help. I still want to help—but I'd like to be quite sure I'll be doing you some real good."

"You mean you want to pry into my affairs?"

Mellanby gave a slightly sardonic smile. "You're asking me for a present of seven thousand pounds—don't you think perhaps I'm entitled to put a friendly question or two before I hand it over?"

"As long as they're friendly. What do you want to know?"

"Well—who do you owe this money to?"

"If you must know," Roscoe said sulkily, "he's a colonel in the R.E.s—or was. Chap named Lancaster. He's retired now. Lives in London."

"Would you think it prying if I asked you how you came to borrow so much money?"

"I would—but I don't mind telling you. It was three or four years ago. I was stationed in Kenya, and so was Lancaster. We were good pals. He had a private fortune, lucky chap. Anyway, I got a notion to fix myself up with a bit of property out there as a speculation—nice farmhouse. Everyone said it was bound to go up in value when we'd smashed the Mau Mau. Lancaster lent me most of the dough, and I bought it. Then the Mau Mau burned the place down. So I'd got a debt, and nothing to show for it. And that's all there is to it."

"Wasn't the property insured?"

"Not against the Mau Mau, no. I thought it was, but it wasn't."

"Didn't Colonel Lancaster take a mortgage on the place?"

Roscoe shook his head.

"No, he just gave me a cheque. He was that sort of chap."

"And now he's asking for the whole capital back?" Mellanby said.

"That's right. Wants it all—and urgently."

"Would you have any objection to showing me the letter he wrote you?"

"Well, really! Are you calling me a liar?"

"Not at all," Mellanby said mildly. "It's just that I'd like to see what he says."

"Well, I'm sorry—you can't. I was so damned annoyed about the whole thing I tore it up and threw it away. Chucked it over a hedge somewhere."

"That's a pity. How did he know you were staying here, by the way?"

ROSCOE said: "I wrote to him, out of good nature—told him I'd got promising plans and hoped to start paying off the loan pretty soon. I thought it would keep him sweet—but it merely set him off."

Mellanby nodded. "Of course, you could start paying him now with a part of your gratuity—it would show that you meant business. After twenty years' service, it must surely be quite a big lump sum?"

Roscoe gave him a long, derisive

GARVE

is of me

But with now death

ILLUSTRATED BY BJARNASON

stare. Then he said: "I'll need all that for the poultry farm."

"You still plan to buy one?"

"Of course—once I'm in the clear again. With seven thousand pounds from you, I'll have nothing to worry about."

Mellanby nodded again. He suddenly felt very tired. "Tell me, what is Colonel Lancaster's exact address?"

"That's my affair, Mellanby—there's no need for you to go chasing him up. I've given you all the facts, and they're true—you can take my word for that. If you don't want to pay your debt, just say so."

Mellanby tapped out his pipe and got up.

"Well?" said Roscoe.

"I'll need to think about it," Mellanby said. "We'll talk about it again—tomorrow night."

First thing next morning Mellanby drove into town to check up on Roscoe's story. The task proved to be even easier than he'd expected. In the public reference library in Bath, copies of the Army List dating back some time were soon dug up for him. It took him only a few minutes to discover that there had been no Colonel Lancaster of the Royal Engineers in recent years.

THAT was only the beginning. Quickly he paged through the Lists, searching for a Major Keith Roscoe of the Glosters. There wasn't one. Roscoe had invented him, too.

For a little while Mellanby sat motionless. Then he left the library and drove out to the Plough at Fresney Stoke. There, over a glass of sherry, he learned from the landlord that the season had not been a good one in spite of the recent improvement in the weather, and that at no time during the summer had the Plough been without an empty room. Roscoe had spun him and Sally a tale about having to get out, knowing that they would offer to put him up.

So there it was. Roscoe was a fake and a fraud. A confidence man. He hadn't been in the army, and it was most unlikely he'd been genuinely looking for a farm. All he'd been looking for was a victim. He'd tricked his way into the Mellanby's home, exploiting their gratitude, watching his opportunities, intending all the time to ask for money in the end—it was a familiar story.

And, yet. . . . Mellanby frowned. There were some very odd things about it—things that didn't fit.

Depressed and puzzled, he drove home and told Sally the result of his inquiries. She listened in shocked silence.

"Well, if you ask me," she said when Mellanby finished, "he's just not quite normal. I don't mean he's mad, but no one could possibly call him well-balanced. It's the only explanation I can think of for his peculiar behaviour."

"It's certainly the kindest one," Mellanby said.

There was a little pause. Then Sally said: "Anyway—what are you going to do?"

Mellanby shrugged. "Have it out with him, I suppose. Hear what he has to say, and then tell him to clear off. What else can I decently do? Damn the fellow! It was bad enough having to be grateful to him before. Now it's quite intolerable."

The showdown, Mellanby realized, would inevitably be most unpleasant. At his suggestion, Sally took steps to see that, apart from the children, they would have the place to themselves for the evening.

By good luck it was cook's regular day off and Sally would be getting a cold meal herself, so that was all right. The daily maid always went at five. When the time came, Kira, their Norwegian girl, needed little persuading to let Sally bath the children while she went to see a film.

WHEN Roscoe came in that evening it was later than usual—and he was by no means in his usual state. Normally he was most particular about his appearance, but today his clothes looked rumpled and dirty and there was a deep scratch all down his left cheek—the result, he said, with a curious jauntiness, of an encounter with a bramble while he was tramping round a field. He went upstairs to attend to it. When he came down, he joined Mellanby and Sally in the sitting-room and, as always, helped himself to a large drink.

"Where's Kira?" he asked.

"At the pictures," Sally said.

He nodded. "Well, Mellanby, let's get this over before dinner, shall we? What have you decided?" His tone was as confident as ever, his eyes bold.

Mellanby made an effort to speak calmly. "I checked up on your story."

Roscoe eyed him thoughtfully. "You did, eh?" He sounded a bit disappointed, but not in the least abashed. "Pity. Still, I can't say I'm surprised. I didn't think you could be quite the sap you seemed to be."

"Really!" Sally exclaimed. "You don't have to be insulting as well as everything else."

Mellanby put a restraining hand on her arm. "Leave it to me, darling. Anyway, there it is, Roscoe. You weren't a major in the Glosters. There's no Colonel Lancaster. You haven't a gratuity, and you haven't been looking for a farm."

Roscoe grinned. "You're dead right," he said. "What the hell would I want with a lot of damn silly hens?"

Mellanby gave a little sigh. "Well, that seems to be that, doesn't it? At least we know where we are. I don't pretend to understand you—you've put on a pretty inept performance and I can't imagine what you think you're getting out of it all. . . ."

"I'm getting seven thousand pounds," Roscoe said.

Mellanby looked at him incredulously. "You surely don't expect that now?"

"Indeed I do," Roscoe said.

HE settled his bulk comfortably in his chair, looking as though nothing short of a crane would move him. "You don't know me very well yet, Mellanby, do you? You've been underrating me, you know. I agree I'm not a top-class confidence man, but that's because it's not really my line. I much prefer getting what I want in other ways. More direct ways. Like today, for instance. . . ." He fingered the long scratch on his cheek, reminiscently. "Where do you think I was this afternoon? I'll tell you—it'll help you to understand me. I called on Eve Sherston again while her big slob of a husband was in town taking a bath. I had quite a time with her. See what I mean?"

Sally said, in a voice of horror: "Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!" Roscoe mimicked. "You see, I'm not afraid of people. I'm not afraid of Sherston. People are afraid of me. Everybody is, when they know me. That's the secret of my success."

Mellanby was staring at him in disbelief. The man was either bluffing or crazy.

There was only one thing to do. He

The golden deed

continued from previous page

took a step towards the telephone. Before he could reach it, Roscoe was in his path, towering over him. A large hand came out, there was a shove against his chest, and Mellanby fell back with a crash into the chair.

"Not much use *you* trying any rough stuff, little man," Roscoe said calmly. "And don't you move, Sally. We're going to come to a full understanding before anybody moves."

Slowly, cautiously, Mellanby got to his feet again. "You'll never get away with this, Roscoe," he said.

Roscoe stepped forward and gave him a stinging slap on the cheek. Sally sprang up with a cry and tried to reach the phone, but Roscoe grabbed her and pushed her back into her chair. Mellanby struck out wildly at the grinning face. A much harder slap started bright lights dancing before his eyes. Blood from a cut lip began to trickle down his chin. He felt dazed and sick.

"Well," Roscoe said, "now that you've had your little lesson, perhaps you'll agree to talk things over quietly. As far as I'm concerned, this is the position. I can't afford to have you go to the police. So I'm going to see you don't. I'm going to stay here, and you're going to keep me—and you're going to keep quiet about me. You don't want to see your kids suffer—which is what'll happen if you talk."

"They'll put you in prison," Sally cried wildly. "You'll be there for the rest of your life."

"Don't you believe it," Roscoe said. "They always let you out in the end—and I've got a long, long memory. Don't imagine you can get out of it that way. Sooner or later, whatever you told the police, I'd be free—and there's no protection in the world could keep your kids safe from me then. Ever heard of people using razors——?"

A ring at the doorbell cut him short—a long, insistent ring. On the instant, Roscoe's manner changed. He was suddenly wary. "Who would that be?" he asked sharply. No one answered. He advanced threateningly on Mellanby. "Come on, who is it?"

"We don't know who it is," Sally said, her voice scarcely above a whisper.

The bell shrilled again, violently.

ROSCOE jerked his head towards the door. "Go and see, Sally—but remember what I said about the kids. One word of all this, and they've had it. I mean that. Whoever it is, get rid of them."

He waited tensely, watching Mellanby, while Sally went to the door. . . .

There was the sound of a man's voice in the hall. Mellanby listened, straining his ears. Suddenly his heart began to pound. Surely he knew that voice? Relief flooded over him. Whatever happened now, he had an ally—he and Sally were no longer alone.

Then alarm returned. He needed no telling why Sherston had come. The voice in the hall was thick with anger, scarcely articulate. Mellanby could distinguish only one word—"Roscoe!" Then the sitting-room door flew back with a crash and Sherston came in like a cyclone. His face was apoplectic, his eyes popping, his big fists clenched. He didn't even glance at Mellanby. His gaze was riveted on Roscoe. "So there you are. Man, I'm going to break your bloody neck! I'll teach you to come pawing at my wife, you filthy goat!"

Roscoe said softly: "Don't force me, Sherston." He was holding his hands low in front of him, like a watchful wrestler. "Don't try and start anything with me. You'll only wish you. . . ."

The final words were lost as Sherston hurled his fifteen stone on Roscoe in reckless fury. A wild mêlée followed. The impetus of Sherston's assault carried Roscoe to the ground and for a moment or two they fought there savagely, their arms and legs and bodies in constant, violent movement. Then they were half on their feet again, smashing and crashing round the room.

Mellanby moved towards the phone. Before he could reach it Roscoe, breaking free, landed a jolting punch at Sherston's stomach, and Sherston fell back, writhing in agony.

"I warned you," Roscoe said contemptuously. He seemed to have suffered little damage himself. He was cool, inhuman — a one-man gangster without a gun. He caught sight of Mellanby. "Put that phone down!"

Mellanby put it down.

SHERSTON was bent double, holding his stomach. Sally cried in a distraught voice: "What are we going to do?"

Mellanby stood as though in a trance, not answering, scarcely aware of her. He seemed paralysed by Roscoe's ferocity and his own utter impotence.

Abruptly, Sherston straightened up and grabbed a wooden chair and flung himself on Roscoe again. Roscoe sidestepped and punched him twice with scientific strength. Sherston sagged under the blows. Sally gave a gasping cry. Roscoe was going in again. It would be a massacre. Suddenly, Mellanby grabbed a chair, too. Sherston, from the floor, cried: "Hit him, John."

Roscoe swung round. "What you, too, little man?"

The diversion was brief, but it gave Sherston his chance. Now he was on his feet again. "Both together!" he yelled. For a split second Roscoe seemed uncertain what to do. Then he turned on Sherston. Mellanby, in a red mist of fear and anger, raised the chair above his head and struck at Roscoe with all his strength. He felt the blow land. Under its impact, Roscoe staggered back. For a moment he stood swaying. Then, with a groan, he fell heavily to the floor against the fireplace.

Sherston went after him in a frenzy, his own chair raised. But even he could see there was no need to do anything more. Roscoe was lying in a motionless heap where he'd fallen.

MELLANBY had dropped to the floor beside Roscoe. He could scarcely believe, now, that he'd done what he had. "Do you think he's all right?"

Sherston looked at Roscoe with grim satisfaction. "He will be. He's only knocked out. He'll be round soon."

"I'll get some water," Mellanby said. He went off to the kitchen.

Sherston gazed around at the shambles of the room. "God, what a mess! I'm sorry, Sally."

"It doesn't matter," she said. She had sunk down on the settee, drained and exhausted by the brutal struggle. She still couldn't look at Roscoe without revulsion.

"I *had* to come," Sherston said. "I just couldn't wait to get my hands on him. Do you know what he did? He tried to attack Eve."

"I know," Sally said. "Is she all right?"

"I think so. He'd have raped her, but she fought him off."

"He told us he'd been there."

"He told you!"

"Yes, he boasted about it. It's been

continued on page 34

Wigging

O'er legal books few women pore
To win a silken gown.
Not many girls take up the law—
They'd rather lay it down!

NOEL SCOTT

Invitation Postponed

Dear Aunt Moira,

We were looking forward to asking you over this week, but things are rather at sixes and sevens as Wilcox has been misunderstood in a maze.

He was cycling in the country when he found a stray mastiff that looked lost and unhappy, so he took it to the nearest big house to see whether the people recognized it. There was no reply to his ring and as the front door was open he went into the hall to find whether the mastiff seemed at home. It rushed upstairs snarling and then returned holding an expensive-looking lady's hat. Before Wilcox could do anything it tore out of the door and across the grounds into a maze.

The mastiff seemed to know its way, which was more than Wilcox did. He tried always turning to the right, but the mastiff cheated by bursting through the bottoms of the hedges. When Wilcox reached the centre the mastiff had obviously got tired of the hat and dropped it and gone away.

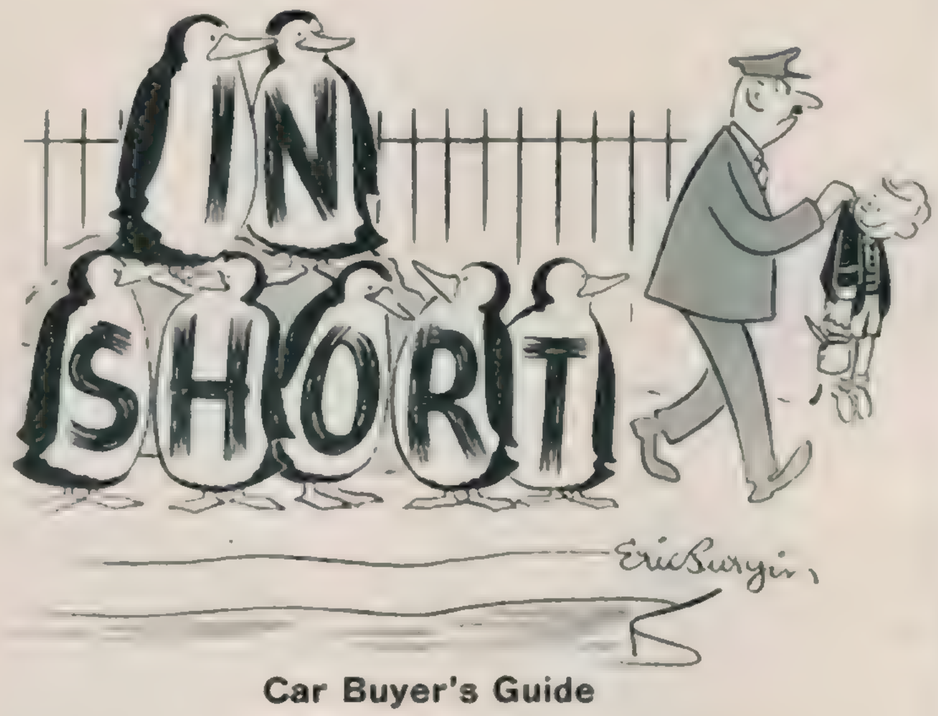
Wilcox was exhausted, so he sat on a bench and whistled a song and in a wild fit of gaiety put the hat on. Unfortunately his whistling attracted the owner of the house and his wife who were walking back from the village. Being used to the maze they were on him before he could do anything, and what made it worse was that they were frightfully well-bred and kind and would keep pressing him to. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Guaranteed To Get No Response

On crowded buses, well-bred men
Can keep from rising to their feet
By asking every now and then,
"Would some old lady like my seat?"

HAL CHADWICK



Car Buyer's Guide

Reconditioned throughout . . . *rebuilt after crash*
Needs slight attention . . . *has been in river*
Nursed by careful owner . . . *thrashed by commercial traveller*
One lady owner only . . . *needs new gear-box*
Good runner . . . *the wheels go round*
Maintained regardless of cost . . . *has always been in trouble*
Creates tremendous interest . . . *has straight-through twin exhausts*
Car for an enthusiast . . . *no self-starter, no tools*
Most original appearance . . . *home-made body*
Suit family man . . . *high, wide and slow*
Suit farmer . . . *disintegrating fast*
Owner going abroad . . . *owner's licence suspended*

E. S. TURNER

Board Meeting

Gentlemen, I am now able to present for your approval agreed terms for our take-over of Slagheap Investments, Limited; which as you know has important holdings of property in various mining districts. With Slagheap we acquire also its wholly-owned subsidiary, Amalgamated Molasses (1894), Limited, with its interests in the cough mixture field. Amalgamated in its turn controls the voting stock of the Rock of Ages Provident Assurance Society, Limited, which—I need hardly remind you—is the largest concern in the world specializing in second mortgages on municipal abattoirs. Rock of Ages owns fifty-one per cent of the shares of Exchange Holdings, Limited, in which is invested control of the Tasteful Tailoring Company, Limited, Yummi-Cakes (Wolverhampton), Limited, and Sir Horace Shufflebotham Associates.

As you are all aware, gentlemen, the latter firm is the parent company of the group of which we are proud to be a part. We thus secure a major shareholding in our own business—a position, gentlemen, of unique strategic strength.

You will see from the figures before you that the sum required to buy out Slagheap is fully covered by our short-term loan from Rock of Ages. Once the take-over is complete, repayment of this loan can be made by selling to Yummi-Cakes the surplus assets of Amalgamated Molasses—a small cement works and a chain of undertakers' parlours. The dividend of one hundred and ten per cent made possible by this operation gives us all, I venture to suggest, gentlemen, cause for modest pride.

PATRICK GOLDRING

Who's putting house prices up?

Today, rising standards send house prices soaring. Every wife, say agents, demands the latest fittings

The land grabbers, speculators, the builders and agents . . . all share in this fantastic boom. The people they blame are you

by RENÉ LECLER

IT was mid-morning and the quiet suburban street in South London was deserted except for a milkman standing on tip-toes peering over the back garden wall of a large, decrepit Victorian house.

I looked over, too. Apart from a large weedpatch there was nothing to see. "That'd make a nice vegetable garden . . ." I said.

"Just right for four bungalows," he replied, almost to himself. "One here, one there, one by the corner. . . ."

"Are you in the land business?"

"No, but my boss is. I work part time as a scout for a builder. There are two old ladies living in there. I know them, have been delivering their pint a day for years. Now the boss'll come along, try and get the house next door as well, get planning permission and then he'll offer them twice as much for the land as they'd get for the house. Then I get my two and a half per cent and bob's your uncle. . . ."

Bob's your uncle, and two Victorian villas make a building site, the bulldozers and cement mixers arrive and four houses go up where one stood before.

Like a gold rush

All over Britain, but especially in the south of England, the great building boom is on. For those concerned, builders, estate agents, speculators, contractors and manufacturers of kitchen equipment, it is better than a gold rush. In a tight little island where everyone wants an L-shaped living-room, a split-level plan and a garage, the operation is foolproof. It cannot fail, because prices always go up.

Why? There are ten answers to every question about the continued rise in house prices. "The fault is with the planners," say the builders. "Because they insist on a certain use of the land they have planned us out of house and home."

The planners say: "Of course there is a shortage of land—that is if we want to keep our countryside. . . ."

Estate agents take another view: "It's the customer's own fault. He wants everything at once and in the right place and so the price goes up."

Few industries in Britain today are less exact, more loaded with prejudices and cooked statistics. All that is known is that houses are being sold at ever higher prices.

In the lower-priced properties, the Co-operative Permanent Building Society's annual index shows that most houses now fetch three times their pre-war value. Among the more expensive houses the increase is fivefold.

One estate agent in a select North London district instanced the case of a bungalow built in 1934 for £2,300. In 1954 it was sold for £8,000. Last spring it changed hands again for £14,000.

The all-time record

One old Victorian house in Birmingham could not fetch £3,500 on the market in 1951. It was recently auctioned for £8,000.

The main reason for these spectacular rises is the shortage of land and its price. Last summer one builder in Bromley, Kent, paid £400,000 for seventy acres. A single, one-acre plot near London's Hampstead Heath fetched the all-time record of £23,000. On the fringes of the vast London conurbation a plot of land for a single, semi-detached house can cost £2,000.

In and around the big cities of Britain there is simply no land left. One L.C.C. planning expert said: "If you discount back gardens where there might be some 'in-filling'—that's the expert's term for squeezing in just one more bungalow—there is not room left in the County of London to build a chicken coop."

And an estate builder added: "The family man in London who wants a £3,000 house now has to go almost thirty miles to find it. He can't go much farther because there one green belt hits another green belt and he cannot have anything at all. . . ."

Twelve years ago the Town and

Given and Used by Famous People

Choose a Parker 51 Pen to show your love and esteem.
Here is a matchless, modern writing instrument
beautifully balanced and elegant in design.

Duette set (above) 157/6. Trio set 210/-.
'51' Pens: Rolled gold cap 105/-.
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Pencils and Jotters to match 25/- and 20/-.
The new Princess, Debutante and
Minim Jotters 70/- to 21/-.

The Parker Pen Company Limited, Rush House, London, W.C.2

16

continued from previous page

Country Planning Act foresaw a new Britain in which housing, factories, schools and playgrounds would have their rightful place and where green belts around the large cities would act as lungs for millions of city dwellers.

Experts and laymen still believe that the Act was timely, necessary and well phrased. But, despite the five-yearly revisions, everybody nibbles at the green land.

The L.C.C. itself—the biggest house building authority in the country—has built no fewer than nine housing estates in green-belt areas. Private builders avowedly vie with each other in finding loopholes and engage in the biggest land auction Britain has ever seen.

One well-known London builder, Neil Wates, told me: "The green belt? We call it the green noose around London. You have to go either inside or outside or fight tooth and nail for a bit here and a bit there. That sends up the price, and anyway small sites are uneconomical. We have three men permanently touring the suburbs looking for sites."

In and around Britain's large cities the price of land is now fifteen times what it was prewar. In 1939 most builders reckoned the cost of the land as one-tenth of the total price of a house. Today it may be one-third.

First to join this land grab were the speculators. Many own neither businesses nor land nor houses but merely comb the suburbs looking for potential building sites. When they find one they draw up a hasty plan, push it through the county planning authorities and, sometimes without even approaching the owners, sell the building permit to local builders for as much as £1,000 an acre.

Not least among the factors that send prices up is the unplannable wanderlust of the new Britain and the continuing movement to the south. While people from South Wales have swollen the population of the Midlands, at least one million people from the north of England have moved into the Home Counties since 1951. High wages push up the public demand for houses and higher standards have become the rule.

Spurred on by the planners, local authorities demand far better service amenities than before the war. Development costs, access roads, lighting, pavements and similar items often make up £350 of the total cost of a house. In some cases the extravagant tastes of local authorities have created trouble.

Until recently one London borough forced builders to use expensive granite for kerbstones. Another, in North West London, toyed with the idea of demanding coloured concrete for the pavements.

Into this picture of gloom comes the refreshing fact that general house-building costs rose by only one per cent in Britain last year—which says a good deal for the efficiency of some builders.

Rising standards

The price of building materials has also gone up. Bricks are scarce and expensive and some have had to be imported from Holland. Some timber, the cause of much misgiving among builders, is poor in quality and ten times dearer than in 1939.

According to William Bryant, of the National Federation of Registered Housebuilders, the greatest increases in costs, apart from the price of land, have been due to a rise in the standards people demand. "Most of us tend to forget what prewar houses were like compared to those of today," he says.

There has been a big change in living habits. Homework and the shadow of the eleven-plus examinations mean that many house buyers demand space where the children can work.

Few people nowadays would buy a house without a garage and that puts £250 on to the cost. The present trend is towards having a shower as well as a bathroom and it has now become the normal practice to have a paved area around the house. Everyone insists, quite rightly, on a fitted kitchen which bumps up the price even more.

There is also a strong tendency towards part or whole central heating and, as one builder said: "So many house buyers have read the experts' views that they will not buy a house unless it had been insulated with glass wool or something similar."

Another builder added: "In prewar days people were content with the roof, the four walls, decent plumbing and a boiler in the kitchen. Today, they demand a house that is completely fitted to standards specified by experts whose main regard is for efficiency rather than cost. We like things that way, too, but they cost money."

The biggest single imponderable in the cost of a new house is the builder's profit. In a notoriously close-mouthed industry profit is not a thing that is talked about, and I failed to find a single builder prepared to open his books.

The National Federation believes that the usual breakdown in the cost of a new house is sixty per cent to land and building materials, thirty per cent to labour and ten per cent to overheads, organization and profit.

Provided the site is large enough—upwards of forty houses—many builders indeed appear quite content with that. But often the profit is much higher, and I came across one case of a small man in Middlesex who built eight houses at a cost of £2,250 each and sold them for £3,650 when a factory sprang up nearby and the demand shot up.

Paying for snobbery

Another important factor is the social rating of a district—the amount of money some people are willing to pay for snob value. In the London suburb of Hampstead one main road bisects the borough into two postal districts, N.W.3 and N.W.6.

A house in N.W.6 is automatically £1,500 cheaper than its counterpart across the main road. "Don't ask me why," one of the local agents said. "The two districts are similar and the rates are the same."

In Chelsea the twenty-eight year old lease of a house was sold in 1940 for £500. Recently its neighbour, with a forty-year lease, found a taker at £6,950.

"Snob value" also applies to new houses. Not long ago I went house hunting with a young London couple. They looked at a new house in Erith, Kent—a pleasant house with three bedrooms, the inevitable L-shape drawing-room, a small garage and even a built-in TV aerial. The price was £2,850.

"It's a nice house," said the young wife. "Quiet and bright and much better than what we have now."

"Of course, it's a bit far from where I work," her husband chipped in. "Seventeen miles to be exact. . . ."

"As a matter of fact," said the seller, "you can have the same house in Highgate for £9,750. We built that one, too. . . ."

Intrigued, I went to see the Highgate house. It was substantially the same as the house in Erith, but it had an extra toilet, a shower as well as a bath and a pseudo-Georgian portico over the front door.

I tackled the builder. "What costs more in this house?"

"Well, the land for one thing. The Erith plot was £1,000, the Highgate plot £3,000." That was £2,000 of the difference in costs accounted for, but I was left to guess how the balance of £4,900 was made up.

What makes a district go up and another go down is something which most of Britain's estate agents have long wanted to know. One London agent said: "I suspect that it is the sudden arrival in an old, tumbledown district, of a new type of house owner, educated, discriminating, perhaps a little arty but without much money.

"He cannot afford to be housed with the rest of his class and so he makes his own neighbourhood. He paints his front door pale blue, puts geraniums in pots along the front and turns a little Victorian horror of a living-room into a contemporary gem. His friends start calling. Then another house is 'up-classed' and before we know where we are we have a new, up-and-coming district on our hands. We don't make the trend. The customers do." THE END

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on PROFESSOR LOVELL

Man with an ear to space

Lovell's brainchild, the giant radio-telescope, towers over him at Jodrell Bank. His main work is on the origin of the universe

BEYOND the village of Lower Withington, on the road to Goostrey cum Barnshaw, the Thing looms suddenly out of plump green fields. It is vaguely disturbing, a stark and weird structure, other worldly in design.

This is only right, as becomes obvious on closer inspection. For its business is largely with other worlds. It is a telescope; the most far-reaching on earth.

It is, however, a telescope with a difference. For nothing is to be seen through this instrument. It is, rather, a listening post, an enormous ear, eavesdropping on the creaking of the universe from the middle of a field at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire.

Below the central "ear" are several smaller ones, dotted about the field—a variety of aerials that click and whirr by remote control. Suspended from the bowl of the telescope like the gondola of a zeppelin, and reached by a series of catwalks, is the primary laboratory: it is here that the astronomers work at night

To one side of the field a power-house hums softly. Along other sides are the familiar features of space-age establishments: a dormitory, a canteen, a workshop, an administrative block. In the latter, and somewhat crumpled from a late-night appointment with a distant star, sits the man in charge. This is Professor Bernard Lovell, of Manchester University, the current golden boy of British science; a man of many contradictions.

Lovell came to astronomy only fourteen years ago, but has long since outdistanced all rivals in the field. He eschews all suggestion that he is "purely a scientist immersed in his work"—and yet seems to go out of his way to look like one.

His head has the shape of a large and noble egg. He inclines towards hairy tweeds and stout brown shoes. His manner is a little distrait. Nonetheless, in his soft Gloucestershire burr he doggedly pursues the thread of his argument through all interruptions.

In a larger way, he has been doing this for much of his life. For the steerable radio-telescope was his own brainchild, and at the beginning nobody else thought much of it. Ten years of singleminded effort went into the task of wearing down opposition and getting it built.

That the experience was not without its trauma is quickly evident today. His temper is somewhat uncertain. He is in turn aloof and confiding, arrogant and humble, volatile and reserved.

Even more fundamental than these contradictions is the basic one of his approach to astronomy. His main contribution has been the introduction of new techniques; he professes only secondary interest in them.

His big obsession

Friends say that his real and obsessive passion is the one he carried with him from the Gloucester village where his father was spare-time preacher: he wants to know how the universe was created.

I asked him why he was so interested in this.

Lovell rubbed his hands together, gazing at them seriously. "Oh, perhaps because it's the great unsolved problem," he said slowly.

"There are at the moment, you see, two main schools of thought. One believes that the universe was created once and for all at some fixed and definite time in the past—that there was, in fact, a moment of creation. This is the evolutionary theory.

"The other school believes that the universe has always been in a state of creation and always will be. It's a question of considerable intellectual excitement."

"Supposing it could be proved one way or the other, would this affect a belief in God?"

"The theological dilemma," Lovell said. "Well, it would appear that a belief in the first theory, the evolutionary one, would lead one to invoke a Creator. And perhaps the alternative theory, known as the steady-state, would not need a Creator. I suspect this is a gross over-simplification, however, because if one examines the steady-state theory even more closely, one is still bound to ask where the created matter came from."

"Where did it come from?"

Lovell had been addressing his hands, but now looked up briefly. "From nothing, the steady-state cosmologist would say. That is to say, from the

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primeval hydrogen dust that has always existed in space.

"As to where that came from, there is no answer."

"So you think this problem will never be solved—the problem of how the universe was created?"

"No, no, I didn't say that. I believe it will be solved. In fact, if certain measurements which we and other people hope to make in the next five years show a definite result in one direction, then the answer ought to be fairly clear."

I asked what kind of measurements these would be.

Lovell leaned back in his chair. "That isn't altogether easy to explain. You see, the situation at the moment is this. It's common ground between both sides that the universe is expanding. Our observations of distant galaxies show that they are receding from us at a very great rate.

"Now, if one retraces the past histories of these galaxies, one finds that millions of years ago they must have been very much closer together.

Back into history

"In fact, if one goes back perhaps ten thousand million years—this is the evolutionary theory—then all the galaxies and all the material of the universe must have been together in a pretty concentrated block. This is called the primeval atom or superdense bubble.

"It is this primeval atom that the steady-state cosmologists dispute.

"Although they accept that the distant galaxies would have been much closer billions of years ago, nevertheless they say that if you could trace back the history of the universe—that is, if you can imagine running the film backwards—these galaxies as they approached us would dissolve into uncreated matter. They say that this process is going on all the time.

"Now this is where the crucial test comes. If creation *is* going on continuously, then the structure of the universe would always have been much the same.

"The evolutionary theorists don't expect to find this. They say that if you could go back into the remote past, six or seven thousand million years ago, you would find the universe much more densely packed than it is today.

"So this is what we've got to do. We've got to make measurements of the universe as it existed six thousand million years ago.

"One could then expect an indication of whether we're living in an evolutionary universe or one in a continuous state of creation.

"I'm not sure," he added somewhat gloomily, "if you're following this."

I wasn't too sure myself. I said: "You say you want to observe something that happened six thousand million years ago?"

"Yes. If a radio source is so far away that its energy takes six thousand million years to reach us, then we're observing it as it was six thousand million years ago. We're getting a picture of the universe that existed then."

We're in the dark

"I see. How do you *know* how far away these sources are?"

"Ah, well," Lovell said. "We don't. That's one of the difficulties. With an optical telescope you can establish distance. But our objectives are far beyond the reach of any optical telescope. All one can say with precision is that signals are reaching us from outer space. Some of them we have been able to associate with a cluster of galaxies which we know by optical means to be two thousand million light years away. Farther out it's impossible to identify anything."

"You're listening in the dark, as it were? You don't really know what these signals are?"

"Quite. All our experiments are directed to finding out. At present we're assuming they're from galaxies in collision."

"Galaxies of stars?"

"Yes, in the same way that our own Milky Way with its hundred thousand million stars is a galaxy. You would have two enormous star systems colliding with each other."

"Would these radio waves be produced by stars crashing together?"

"Oh, I would doubt if the stars actually hit each other. The distances are so great between them. What probably happens is that you get an inter-action of the dust or gas that fills the space between the stars, and that generates radio waves."

"Is it possible for our own universe to be in collision now?"

"No, no," Lovell said, looking round all the same to cast a quick glance at the sky over Lower Withington. Behind him the skeletal hoops of the giant telescope moved fractionally round. "No, you see this could easily be established by photographs. All of our own universe is well within range of the optical telescopes. What we've got to do now is to get an optical telescope out of earth's atmosphere and then we can get verification of our radio signals.

"That's really the main reason for our optimism at the moment. Because clearly we'll have soft landings on the moon quite soon, and probably on the planets as well. Even the smallest optical telescope would be tremendously useful on the moon."

"How long will it take, do you think, to get one there?"

"Well, the president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences says they mean to land men on the moon as part of the current seven-year-plan. I, for one, have learned to take notice of what responsible Russian scientists say."

"Were you surprised by their success with the moon probe?"

"No. Not really. I mean, it was an absolutely magnificent feat, of course, but one suspected that Lunik One had been meant to hit."

"I suppose there isn't any doubt that it did hit the moon? I saw a comment from a scientist that you had switched off the telescope before——"

"Yes, that was Fred Haddock, in Michigan. I can't understand," he said bleakly, "why he's taken it upon himself to comment on work here that he knows nothing about. It simply isn't true. We didn't switch off the telescope. We continued the search for quite a long time without finding any signals.

"But anyhow, our conclusions don't depend on that," he went on somewhat testily. "We made many different kinds of measurements, and our computations don't leave the slightest room for doubt. The probe quite definitely hit the moon—and in the central regions, too."

Suddenly—a grin

"Is the Russian flag lying up there in the moon dust now?"

"If they say so, I suppose it is."

"Still in its container, do you think?"

"Oh, well, I doubt that. We measured the acceleration in the last few hours of flight, and it would have hit with considerable force. The velocity on impact was actually three kilometres a second—quite enough to burst the canister."

"Yes. What does the moon dust actually look like?"

Lovell grinned suddenly, an enormous boyish grin that transformed his face. He said in a quite different tone: "Ah, now, that's what we'd all like to know. I should just think we would. It's believed to be a sort of volcanic-type dust. There's a bit of argument, actually, about its origin, but that's probably what it looks like. Very fine stuff."

"Like grey ash, with rock underneath?"

"That's the general impression."

"How deep would it be?"

"Hard to say. There's some indication that it may be just a few centimetres deep, maybe much more in places. We can't really tell," he said, rather regretfully, but still smiling.

When Lovell smiles, his normally ascetic face does not so much crease as soften, so that one has a momentary glimpse of what he must have looked like as a boy. I asked him about his early days. The smile faded rapidly; but he replied to all my questions.

He had been born in 1913, in a village near Bristol, he said. His father, apart

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GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

I'm afraid —are you?

WE are all afraid of something. And a good thing, too. There are many things that it is right, proper and prudent to fear.

We should be afraid of disease, which is really nothing more than saying that we should do everything in our power to prevent it. We should be afraid of ignorance, poverty, cruelty; of anything which brutalizes our human condition.

There is such a thing as holy dread, in the same way as there is such a thing as righteous indignation. I think, on the whole, that fear is a virtuous emotion.

This is not to say that I approve of cowardice, though I think that we are all cowards sometimes. But people who are afraid are not necessarily cowards. Experienced soldiers know that courage is an expendable virtue. Too many calls upon it and a hero may become a coward.

I have known many brave men, and all of them admitted to occasional fear, and some to a constant, particular fear. I know an explorer who has lived among headhunters, but he would rather walk up ten flights of stairs than enter a lift. He is afraid of being trapped.

The Greek word for fear or dread was "phobia," and this has given us lots of big words, often used, but not always understood. Claustrophobia, the fear of being shut up; xenophobia, the unreasonable dislike of all foreigners, a fear to which the English have been much subject in the past; photophobia, the fear of light; acrophobia, the fear of heights; and there is even phobophobia, the fear of being afraid.

Many of us became familiar with one or two of these phobias when we were children. We were afraid of the dark, or of falling, or of the bogyman, and probably each of us had some less usual fear. I used to be frightened of dead leaves.

Parents to blame

Most children grow out of these childhood fears, but harassed parents who threaten naughty children with "I'll fetch a policeman to you," or "I'll lock you in your room," or force a frightened child to pick up a spider or a mouse, may, if the child is sensitive, start a lifelong phobia.

I myself was lucky enough to be well brought up, yet I have some strange private dreads and personal fears. I was never locked in a cupboard as a punishment, but I find it hard to sit in a room with the doors and windows shut.

When I went down in a submarine to do a broadcast, I had to implore the captain to surface and let me out. In the Great Pyramid of Cheops I got as far as the Chamber of the Kings and had to hurry out, overcome by a sense of real, shuddering horror.

In addition to this special fear, I am subject to other fears which I am sure many people share. Most of us are afraid of insecurity, of disablement, of lonely old age, and certainly we are afraid of pain.

'So why worry?'

On the whole, fears about ourselves and our future are a waste of time. There is so little we can do to prevent dreadful things happening to us. During the war people often cheered themselves up by saying, "If a bomb has your name on it, it will get you, and if not, why worry?" It put danger out of their minds.

The fact that I heard it as often in air raid shelters as anywhere else shows that many people were not being as fatalistic as the remark suggested.

And I think that even in normal, peaceful times we must be careful to avoid fatalism. The popular song, *"Que sera, sera"*—what will be, will be (which is also the Duke of Bedford's family motto)—has great charm, but it would be dangerous to take it too seriously.

If you think that you have a bad cold, it is idiotic to ignore it, for other people's sakes as well as your own. A mountaineer threatened by an avalanche would be stupid to stand still if he had a chance of getting to safety.

Stirling Moss has said that he would give up motor racing if ever the sense of fear which tells him when he is reaching the limit of safety ceased to work. If in the same way more motorists could fear accidents, there would be less slaughter on the roads. The opposite of fear is certainly not recklessness.

The point is that there are different kinds of fear, and some of them are not bad at all. The fear that warns us of danger, for example, or the fear of punishment or revenge that prevents us doing evil, is both useful and good. So is fear for the safety and well-being of others.

The bad fears are often those which involve physical or moral cowardice. Each one of us can, and should, find out and face what makes us afraid, for none of us can ever hope to be totally free from fear. It is as much a part of our human nature as hunger, thirst and fatigue.

THE END

Gilbert Harding begins a great new series—*see page 6*

MAGIC and KATHIE McGRAW

by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

What a challenge she was to a wizard spellbound by love! To marry her he must conjure up a genuine golden nest egg . . .

IT was by magic that my grandmother came to England in 1884, not that she was a witch or a leprechaun or any such, although she was that lovely you might have thought the little men wished beauty about her cradle.

Kathie McGraw was her name and she lived with her widowed mother above the village of Corag on the far west coast of Kerry. Their little farm looked down on the green sea and the foaming rocks where the last remnants of the Spanish Armada had perished.

The McGraws, with the fishing and farming, had been comfortable in their lives till, five years before, my great-grandfather was drowned and his body broken in a storm about the Blaskets. Times were not easy then and it was a hard way the widow McGraw had of it. She could not pay for heavy work on the land and she gave most of the holding over to the chickens. And the big brown eggs it was that kept a bit in the pot and a roof above their heads. Some they sold in the village, but most were taken by Kathie on donkey-back to Drumlow, the small market town five miles from Corag, where she made deliveries to the shops and the two hotels.

They were simple, innocent and superstitious folk around Drumlow in those days, and few travelled farther than the end of the street. The roads were rough through the Slieve Mish mountains and it was a long way to anywhere.

The nearest metropolis was Tralee, and it was a great adventure when, just after her twenty-second birthday, Kathie was dispatched there to help an aunt of hers through some weeks of sickness.

Kathie's eyes shone with wonder at everything she saw. And most she loved the clamour and excitement of market-day down in the square. One afternoon, elegant in her new yellow shawl, she wandered past the cheap-jacks ringing crockery and the pedlars flashing silks, and out into the fairground. A barker was bawling from a makeshift stage.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, a few brief foretastes of the stupendous entertainment which awaits you inside the theatre. . . . First, the Great Waldo, the King of Magic, the Man with Wonder at his Finger-tips!"

A DRUM rumbled and a tall young man, garbed and made up as Mephistopheles, came out on to the stage. Deftly, silently, he worked through a palming routine, whipping hands of cards out of the air . . . silver coins . . . an egg . . . a billiard ball . . . a bouquet of flowers.

Kathie was spellbound—there'd never been anything the like of it seen in Drumlow.

The conjurer flicked a roll of red ribbon from nowhere, tossed it gleaming and twisting out into the audience. It fell towards Kathie and she caught the end of it. He gently pulled the other end till the ribbon was taut between them and beckoned her up on to the stage. She didn't want to go but, somehow, she couldn't help herself.

"Thank you for helping me," the conjurer said when she was up there. "A present for your lovely hair." And, to the applause of the audience, he gave her the ribbon. "This young lady," he went on, "is rich not only in beauty; she's also simply made of money."

And he proceeded to pick shining gold coins from all over Kathie . . . from her shawl . . . her hair . . . her sleeves . . . her nose. . . . From everywhere about her, coins clinked down into his tray.

"And now," cried the barker. "The next performance will commence inside the theatre. And the little lady shall go in for nothing. Walk up! Walk up!"

Waldo, the King of Magic, led Kathie through the curtains. He looked down at her and smiled. She smiled dreamily back; it was useless to struggle against it.

"I look better without this make-up," he said.

"I know," she said. "I know you do."

"The show takes about half an hour. Will you wait a while afterwards?"

"I will," she promised. "I will."

And, at that moment, they fell in love.

WALDO came from Liverpool. He was a good act in his own class and could have obtained bookings in England had he wanted. But he stayed and played all over Ireland, coming back to Tralee whenever he could, and travelling up to Corag to court Kathie McGraw. Her mother took to him at once and looked with favour on his attentions to her daughter; but she'd be awful evasive and unhelpful whenever he got to talking about a marriage.

After a full year they were hopping mad in love and Waldo was getting worried.

"What's your mother got against our marrying, Kathie?" he asked. "She'll never let me get two words in about it. I've told her she's welcome to make her home with us, so she needn't fret about losing you. And there's little but hard work and sad memories to keep her at Corag. You ask her yourself, will you, Kathie? Ask her why not, and tell me what she says."

That night, when the peat was glowing and her mother seemed at ease, Kathie asked her. Her mother smiled sadly but spoke firmly.

"I'll tell you right out, Kathie, my love, why I'll not talk to Waldo about marriage," she said. "'Tis because I'm not ready yet, because we've not yet money enough to send you off with the dowry your father would have wished. I want you to be married right and handsome like all the McGraws, and I'd die of shame and your dear father would turn in his grave if I sent you off to your wedding without a fitting dowry."

"But, mother, you've no money to spare to give me a dowry," Kathie protested. "All we've got is the cottage and the holding."

But the widow McGraw was adamant. "I've maybe no money just now," she said. "But I'll get it, you'll see. When you go to Waldo, you'll go proud and proper and beholden to the charity of no one."

"But how will we *ever* get enough money?" Kathie asked. "How much were you thinking, in your pride?"

"'Tis not idle pride, my love," her mother said. "'Tis the right and respectable thing. No bride in the family has ever gone to her groom with

Waldo was incredulous when Kathie told him why they couldn't marry. "But I don't want any dowry," he said

Magic and Kathie McGraw

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less than fifty pounds of dowry, and I'll not be having people saying my only daughter was the first to be with less."

Kathie talked and talked but it made no difference. The widow was not to be swayed from her duty.

Waldo was told about it next day.

"But I don't want any dowry, Kathie," he said. "You're all I want."

"I know, Waldo." She kissed him. "But 'twould break her heart if I married without one."

"Could she not sell the farm? She won't want it when we're married, anyway."

"But it's fifty pounds she wants! Times are not easy, and it's lucky we'd be to find anybody to give fifty shillings for the old place just now."

They discussed their problem from every angle, but always came back to the same answer; if Waldo was to get Kathie, the widow McGraw must first get the money for her dowry.

Waldo had to be away to a theatre in Galway that night and he tried to cheer Kathie when they parted.

"I'll not be back for at least a fortnight, Kathie," he said. "I'll write when next I can come. But don't you worry about your mother and that dowry. I'll find a way round it. I can't tell just what at the moment, but I'll get an idea in the end. . . ."

Some days later, fat Lafferty, the landlord of the Leopard Hotel in Drumlow, was in his bar, drinking with O'Toole the jeweller and money-lender, Garvey the corn-chandler, and Hegarty, the dealer who lived on his wits.

The door opened, and a tall middle-aged man with bushy grey hair, tortoise-shell glasses and a dark spade beard came in.

WITH a strong accent, he said: "I wish you good morning. I would hire a room at your hotel for a few days. I am Señor Miguel Pascado of Madrid. You can entertain me?"

"A Spanish gentleman," said Lafferty. "Why, certainly, sir. Just come this way." And he took the visitor through to the hotel.

"Spanish, eh?" said O'Toole, wrinkling his little ferret face. "I wonder what brings him to Drumlow?"

"The dear only knows," said Garvey. "Perhaps he has relations here."

"If he had," said Hegarty, "he'd be staying with them. He looks educated . . . and well-off."

Señor Pascado came back to the bar and Lafferty served him a sherry. The Señor pulled a sheaf of documents from his pocket, spread them on the counter and studied them in silence while he drank.

After ten minutes, the jeweller O'Toole could not contain his curiosity.

"'Tis not often, sir, that we see a gentleman from Spain in these parts," he said. "Would you be with us on pleasure or on business? Perhaps, as a resident of the town, I could be of some assistance to you. O'Toole's the name."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Toole," Señor Pascado said. "It is most kind of you." He smiled. "I am a professor of history in my own country and I am writing a thesis about the lost ships of the Armada of 1588. I come to Drumlow to find what I can about the ships which foundered off the coast here. The Lucia and the Trinidad . . . you perhaps know something of them?"

"I never heard tell their names," said Garvey. "But the old stories say it was Corag Head that broke them up. There's timbers and such and small Spanish things been washed up thereabouts many a time."

"Corag Head? Please, you show me where on my map?"

They crowded around.

"There," pointed Garvey, the corn-chandler. "Just by that bit you've got ringed in red pencil."

"Indeed." Señor Pascado put a cross on the spot. "Most interesting. And the coast about there, inside the rocks . . . would it give pleasant landing to small boats, rowing-boats?"

"Let's see," said Hegerty. "That's below the McGraw place. It's a good beach and easy landing all right."

The professor made a note. "If I may trouble you more, gentlemen," he said. "The small Spanish things washed up from the sea. Were there . . . er . . . any metal things?"

"A cannon came up in Cooney's nets once," said Hegarty.

"There was a helmet," said Lafferty. "And the doctor has a dagger."

"I see. . . ." The professor paused, as if debating the wisdom of asking the next question. "Has anyone found anything precious? Anything, shall we say, like jewellery or money?"

ALL three shook their heads, and O'Toole said: "Not that I've ever heard. And 'tis likely they'd bring any such thing to me for opinion."

"Or to me," said Lafferty, "for whiskey."

"So," mused the Spaniard, making another note. "No local knowledge of any jewellery or bullion."

"They carried bullion, did you say?" asked Hegarty, pricking up his ears.

"No, no . . . nothing of the sort. I do not know what they carried. That is why I make inquiries."

"But, tell me," said O'Toole, his eyes glistening. "Was it common for the Armada ships to carry such stuff?"

"Excuse me, sirs," said the professor, whipping up his papers hastily. "I am sorry that I can talk no more just now. I will see you all again. Thank you."

As he hurried out of the bar, he dropped a sheet of his papers. Garvey bent his long body and picked it up.

"Hey! Mister!" he called out. But the Spaniard was gone.

"It's a letter," said O'Toole. "And I think it's our duty to read it. It may be that important we should take it to him right away."

The others nodded solemn agreement.

When they'd finished reading it, they looked at one another with echoing sighs of astonishment.

"Whisht!" breathed Hegarty. "If that don't beat all. Just listen to this. 'Tis from London. . . .

'Dear Miguel,

We have finally found the log of the Trinidad in the archives at Cadiz. The captain escaped in a boat when the ship went down off Corag and took the treasure chest ashore. He buried it on the cliffs where he landed and made his way across Ireland and back to Spain.

'All the details are in the other papers and it is certain that the treasure was buried somewhere in the area ringed in red on the map.'

"So, that's it," said O'Toole. "Treasure he's after, and it's somewhere up by Corag Head."

"Providing," said Garvey, "it hasn't already been found."

"We'd have heard," said O'Toole. "Nobody in all history ever dug up treasure in Ireland but somebody made a song about it. And would that Spanish boyo be here if he wasn't sure the chest was still there? Maybe he's got a lot more information yet, and if we watch him, and play things right . . . who knows, boys, who knows?"

Footsteps clattered down the stairs. O'Toole tossed the letter on the floor by the door and they all turned back to the bar. The professor came in, snatched up the letter and hurried out again.

The landlord and his friends kept close watch on Señor Pascado, but they saw nothing of interest till the morning after Kathie had called at the hotel with her regular delivery of eggs. The professor saw the basket in the hall, praised the quality and ordered three of the brownest to be boiled for his breakfast.

"Most beautiful," he said as they were set before him. "We do not get such eggs in Spain."

HE topped one and began eating. Lafferty had Garvey that morning to breakfast with him to share the watch. The meal was proceeding quietly when the Spaniard gave a gasp and threw back his head as if he had bitten on something hard. He put a finger in his mouth and pulled out a gold ear-ring.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he exclaimed.

He held the trinket up to the light for a moment and then quickly put it in his pocket. He chopped each of the other eggs in half, held each segment up in turn and examined its contents. From one egg he took a small oblong blue stone, glinting like a sapphire.

Lafferty and Garvey watched open-mouthed.

Suddenly coming out of his trance of amazement, the Spaniard leaped up from the table and dashed through the door into the kitchen. "The eggs!" he cried to the cook. "The basket of eggs!"

ON the dresser was the basket, all aglow with thirty of widow McGraw's very best. Señor Pascado snatched it up.

"I buy them all. Here is money." And he thrust a pound note at the startled cook.

Out the back door went Pascado as Lafferty and Garvey came in from the dining-room.

"I'll keep him in sight," said Garvey. "You get the others."

The Spaniard walked briskly down to the harbour and along the front till he was clear of the town. He went down on to the beach, stopped in a coign of the cliffs, and kneeled down to examine the eggs. When the others came up with Garvey they found they could watch plain and easy from the cliff path.

The four crouched down behind the bluff and watched.

"Sure as I'm living and breathing," puffed Lafferty. "An ear-ring and a sapphire he found in those eggs."

"'Tis true," echoed Garvey. "And out he goes then and grabs the rest."

"If it was later," said O'Toole, "I'd know the pair of you was drunk."

"Drunk, is it, then?" said Garvey. "Take a looked there. . . ."

Señor Pascado cracked an egg on the handle of the basket, held it up between his two hands and pulled the two halves apart. As the stream of white and yolk cascaded down there was a gleam and a sharp clink. A small gold coin had dropped out on to the rock beneath.

"Holy Mother!" gasped Hegarty. "Those hens must be feeding on gold!"

They watched the professor break egg after egg. Sometimes he drew a blank, but a good dozen of them each rewarded him with another gold coin.

The four spectators looked at one another with mounting astonishment.

"Saints of Glory!" sighed O'Toole. "Pieces of eight from the widow McGraw's chickens. If I hadn't seen it with three witnesses, I'd have them bring the wagon for me this instant!"

Then the last egg was broken; the last coin had glittered to the ground. The Spaniard collected them up and put them in his pocket. He picked up the basket and looked at the widow's address on the label inside. Then he got to his feet and ran back to the road.

"After him, boys" said O'Toole. "He's on to something all right."

Back in Drumlow, the professor hired a trap to take him up to Corag Head. His four followers went the short way in Lafferty's gig and hid in the bushes.

When Señor Pascado arrived, he dismissed the trap back to the main road and concealed himself in the bushes, too, a little way from his observers. Taking a bag from his pocket, he scattered corn on the ground before his hide. A few of the ranging hens came over and pecked at the grain. He grabbed one, held its head still with one hand and squeezed up its crop with the other. . . .

SUDDENLY there was a choking squawk —and a gold coin popped out of the beak and fell. He grabbed another, repeated the operation—and out shot another shining coin.

Apparently satisfied, the Spaniard came out of the bushes and went down past the end fence of the widow's chicken run and on to the beach. After studying his map, he took some compass bearings. Then he fixed a tape to a stake and made a series of measurements back up across the shallow green cliff.

His measurements took him up to the wire fence of the chicken run and he clearly wanted to extend farther. After looking to see if there was any sign of life from the cottage, he climbed the fence and continued his measuring.

He stopped in a shallow bowl which

continued on page 36

Autumn

by W. G. DAISH

As if composing
A farewell song,
The swallows dozing
The wires along,
Make lines, with notes wing-tipt,
A music manuscript.

Summer is ended
And autumn come.
When they have wended
Their long way home,
That empty, silent stave
Will mark the joys they gave.

So in our sadness
Memory brings
Echoes of gladness
Upon her wings
To tell us grief is vain,
Summer will come again.

It's cost you £10,000 to keep me in prison

by HAROLD HOLT

Dartmoor, Strangeways and Parkhurst . . . no wonder I keep going back. Life in jail is easy; outside old lags find it tough

Harold Holt looks for lodgings. He doesn't have to do this often, for according to the Lord Chief Justice he has spent longer in jail than anyone else in Britain

THE excitement which I had been feeling for days reached its peak as I stepped out through the small wooden door in the huge gates of Dartmoor Prison at seven o'clock on the morning of May 6 this year.

With an almost inaudible "Cheerio," the prison officer banged the door behind me, and I was alone. My only possessions were the old pre-prison clothes I stood up in and a suit and raincoat the prison authorities had given me. I had £1 in my pocket, and a railway warrant to Blackpool.

I had been in this sort of situation often before. I have been in many prisons—Dartmoor (twice), Parkhurst (twice), Strangeways, Peterhead, Durham, Walton, Hull, Leeds, Shrewsbury and several others.

According to Lord Chief Justice Parker, I have spent more time actually in prison than any other lag in the country. Thirty-two years of it. I've served penal servitude, preventive detention and time in open prisons.

Today it costs nearly £12 a week to keep a man in prison. It used to be cheaper, but I estimate that at an average of about £7 a week it has cost the taxpayer more than £10,000 to keep me inside.

On top of that hundreds have been spent on my education. I've always occupied myself with the courses that prisoners can take, up to the value of £150 a year.

It would be in the interests of society to depopulate the prisons. And the way to do it is to help the ex-prisoner to avoid going back. It is not the men who are in for the first time who make up the big numbers. I estimate that there is just about enough new blood coming into the prisons to replace the old lags who die off. The rest of us just go round and round.

Same old faces

If I went to Brixton—that's a remand prison—tomorrow, seven out of ten of the men there would have faces I had seen before. It has always been like that. I remember the second time I went inside. It was at Walton Jail, Liverpool. As I was taken along the remand landing to my cell, I glanced at the names on the cards outside the cells: Rose, Owens, Carter, O'Toole. They were just a few I picked out as belonging to men who had been in jail with me during my first sentence.

A deputy prison governor once told me that if he didn't hear of a man for eighteen months, he didn't expect to hear of him again. Then he showed me a list of the men who had been released from that prison during the previous eighteen months.

They were all back.

Before a new draft of prisoners goes to a place like Dartmoor or Parkhurst, a list of the names is sent to the various prison departments so that they can make their preparations. The lags soon get copies of these lists. The word goes round: "So-and-so's coming back, doing ten," "Old Harry's back, doing seven," and so on. Then they get a few things together to make it easier until you've earned a few bob.

When I went into Parkhurst in 1955 they gave me a packet of biscuits, some newspapers and magazines, one and three-quarter ounces of tobacco and a jar of strawberry jam. Everywhere there were people I knew, asking me how long I'd been out, and what I was in for.

Why do men keep returning to prison? I think my story will show that many, especially those without homes or families, return to crime, and eventually to jail, because of the difficulty of finding work and accommodation. And I think there is a solution.

Too many comforts

It is to spend more on helping ex-prisoners to stay out of jail, and less on their comfort when they are in.

In 1920, when I first went to prison, the bed was a coir mattress on three wooden planks bolted to the floor. In addition I had a wooden stool and a wooden spoon, a tin mug, a tin plate, an aluminium washbasin and two religious books. There were no entertainments, no sports, no tobacco.

In my cell at Parkhurst last time I had a spring bed, two mattresses, extra blankets if I felt cold, pictures on the wall, a food cupboard, carpets on the floor, tobacco and newspapers, and five

continued on page 30

We all wondered

I was

Hesitantly
Miss Hanney opened
her locket. I
gazed at the two tinted
pictures in awe

Miss Hanney's

what the mysterious locket held. Once

shown . . . but it was years before I understood

Heritage

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

IN my childhood—a long time ago now—there came every week to our house, to do the sewing required in those days for a family of father, mother, three young boys and a little girl, a certain Miss Hanney, a grey-haired gentlewoman of great dignity, with a somewhat muddy complexion and large, plain features. She seemed very aged to me, and I was astonished to learn later that she was only the same age as my lively, sparkling, temperamental, red-haired mother—they had, in fact, been schoolfellows, co-boarders at a select young ladies' seminary in Pontefract.

While running the most exquisite tucks in the fine cambric lingerie we then wore—fashionable again today—Miss Hanney was wont to instruct my brothers and myself in manners and morals, by means of stories, biblical and historical, which all tended inevitably to the same end: the saintly reward of the good and the destruction of the wicked.

To these stories, told in her gentle, old-fashioned voice, we listened open-mouthed, for we all loved and admired Miss Hanney. Her grave calm was something of a relief after my mother's rather fiery and vehement temper, and we recognized her integrity and nobility.

It was understood that Miss Hanney was very, very poor, though she was not without some signs of a former prosperity. Round her neck hung a substantial gold chain, from which depended a large and beautiful cameo locket, which, so ran the legend, contained miniature portraits of her parents. But winter and summer, year in, year out, she always wore the same dark purple stuff dress, braided after the fashion of the day. This braid was beautifully darned at the cuffs and elbows, and the area of darning grew slowly beneath our childish gaze.

My mother fretted over Miss Hanney's poverty, and would sometimes try to give her food or clothes, or overpay her on the pretext of lacking change, but these charitable attempts were always refused with stern though gentle pride.

"It is impossible, Elinor," said Miss Hanney calmly.

We watched with awe the command she exercised over our usually quite indomitable mother on these occasions. But one day, I, in my childish innocence, inadvertently inflicted a deep wound on this pride of Miss Hanney's. Tucking in to a treacle tart, my favourite dish, at our midday meal, I exclaimed suddenly: "We always have nice things for dinner when Miss Hanney's here."

AN awful pause followed. Then my father, flushing crimson, cried angrily: "Be quiet, Flo! Get on with your dinner and be quiet."

Rebukes from my adored father were so unusual that I was utterly cast down and burst into frantic tears. My mother ran to me and picked me up in her arms and carried me into the next room, where, it seemed, Miss Hanney followed, for I found she was sitting very close to us, holding my hot little hand in hers.

To my horror, on her rather purply cheeks, beside her beaked nose, lay two large tears.

"She didn't mean anything, Mary," said my mother apologetically.

"There is nothing for you to regret, Elinor," said Miss Hanney in her proudest tones. "I understand. In the charity of your heart you wish to be sure that I have one good meal a week."

"And why not?" snapped my mother, recovering her spirit. "Aren't we friends? Haven't I enjoyed hospitality at your home in the old days, time and time again? Didn't I meet Joe at your house? If you had your rights, and I was in your place, wouldn't you do the same for me? I shall take it very ill of you, Mary, if you allow a child's innocent remark to—to—I'm not clever like you, Mary, and can't say what I mean, but I shall take it very ill."

Here my mother, fixing her blue eyes on Miss Hanney, herself showed signs of tears.

"Go back to the table, Nell," said Miss Hanney in a kind tone. "Or Joe will be upset."

"Joe was grieved that you might think—he'll be as grieved as I shall if . . ." began my mother.

Here I burst into sobs again.

"Don't cry, lovey. Nobody is angry with you," said my mother, kissing me and stroking my hair.

Partly but not wholly reassured, I gazed imploringly at Miss Hanney. Suddenly my mother, with one of her brilliant dancing smiles, put me on Miss Hanney's lap and ran out of the room.

"Nobody is angry with you, Flo," said Miss Hanney, closing her arms around me. "And you know, you are a very lucky little girl. You are very fond of your father, are you not?"

I nodded; of course, everyone was fond of their father, I thought.

Miss Hanney hesitated; then she took off her locket. She opened it in half and held it down for me to see.

"My father and mother," she said.

I gazed at the tinted photographs in awe. Mr. and Mrs. Hanney were both remarkably handsome persons. Mrs. Hanney had fine dark eyes and masses of dark hair wound about her head in huge glossy plaits. Mr. Hanney's hair was fair and curly, his cheek florid, his moustache waxed; his grey eyes had a genial, laughing look.

"Are they still alive?" I asked doubtfully. Miss Hanney seemed to me too old to be possessed of parents.

Miss Hanney's face clouded. "No," she said shortly. "My mother is dead. My mother was very good and beautiful," she added in a wistful tone.

"And are you very fond of your father?" I said, merely handing this out as a polite conversational gambit, since the answer seemed to me foreknown.

Miss Hanney closed the locket with a snap and repinned it at her throat.

PERHAPS it was two or three years later—I had begun to go to school—when one day Miss Hanney appeared with a band of crêpe sewn round the sleeve of her purple dress. My mother came running into the nursery with a look of glee.

"You'll scold me, I know, Mary, but I can't help it," she cried. "I'm glad he's gone, so there!"

Miss Hanney shook her head reprovingly and bent over the family workbasket in silence. But I gained the impression that in spite of herself she was not displeased.

"Though why *I* should rejoice, I'm sure I don't know," continued my mother in a grumbling tone. "You won't want to come here any more, and how we shall manage without you I really do not see."

"I will come on Thursdays as usual, as long as you need me, Elinor," said Miss Hanney quietly.

"You are a good woman, Mary," said my mother with emphasis. She leaned forward and kissed Miss Hanney's mottled cheek. "You are the best woman I know."

"I try to carry out my dear mother's teaching, Elinor," said Miss Hanney.

HAVING learned from the dinner incident that remarks about Miss Hanney could be dangerous, I said nothing until the evening, when Miss Hanney had finished her day's work and gone home. (She lived in a dark but decent little house in Resmond Street.) I then slipped in a question as to the reason for Miss Hanney's mourning.

"Her father has died, dear. He was a rich man and Miss Hanney will have plenty of money now," said my mother, with much satisfaction.

A few days later, however, I came home from school in the middle of the day to find an atmosphere of tragedy and disaster in the house. I could hear my mother weeping in the drawing-room, and my father's voice raised to a note of anger. Alarmed, I rushed to the door, which was thrown open just as I reached it by my father. I fell back, awestruck; I had never seen him in a rage before. I looked beyond him to see what had caused it.

My mother stood in the centre of the room, sobbing passionately. Sitting erect on the settee, calm but pale, was Miss Hanney, a black-bordered handkerchief clasped tightly between her hands. There was nothing changed in her appearance, and yet there was everything; it seemed to me she had received a murderous blow.

"Why did he hate me so? But it is God's will and must be endured," said Miss Hanney, in a rather hesitant tone.

STAMPING her foot in the violence of her indignation, my mother cried: "Nothing of the kind! It's Arthur Hanney's will."

"For once you are entirely right, Nell. I shall go round to the lawyer at once," said my father grimly.

"A man has the right to do what he likes with his own," objected Miss Hanney.

"A man has the duty to provide for the children he has begotten," shouted my father, glaring at me not at all as if I were one of the beloved offspring under discussion. He snatched his hat from the hall-stand and flung himself out of the house, slamming the front door behind him.

This, from my mild father! The

Miss Hanney's heritage

continued from previous page

disaster, whatever it was, overpowered me; I crept away to the nursery.

It emerged that Miss Hanney's rich father had left every single penny of his £50,000 to charities. Not even the house in Resmond Street, which it seemed he owned, was left to his daughter. My father took up the matter with lawyers and obtained a counsel's opinion—all of which, of course, he paid for out of his own pocket. But Miss Hanney was specifically cut out of her father's will, mentioned by name as to receive only some books which had belonged to her mother, so her case was not a good one. Lawyers and the law were different in those days; and my father, a man with four children and a textile slump always hovering about his head, could not afford to carry the matter farther.

Miss Hanney continued to visit us on Thursdays. But my childish instinct had been right: her disinheritance had struck her a fatal blow. It was rather the evidence of her father's repudiation than the loss of the money, I surmised, which so distressed her; she would often pause, needle in hand, and gaze into the distance, her eyes large with question—and the question could only be, I thought: why, why?

She decayed visibly. She grew so thin that the purple dress had to be taken in at waist and arms; her hair turned rapidly white and scanty, her cheeks fell hollow; what was worst of all, the skill left her fingers, which trembled and became clumsy.

Her mind, too, gradually slipped behind a veil. Soon my mother had to exercise continual supervision over her work; every instruction had to be repeated three or four times to ensure that it was understood. Presently even this precaution was insufficient; disasters occurred which we could ill afford; from being the most skilful needlewoman in the house, Miss Hanney could now be entrusted only with the simplest, roughest tasks.

At last the pretence that Miss Hanney did our sewing was possible no longer; my mother forced herself to engage another seamstress for a different day of the week. She came on a Wednesday. We spent a wretched day of it, for my mother, between distress over Miss Hanney and a sense of justice towards her new employee, was in a turmoil, and the whole house knew it.

The very next day a message came that Miss Hanney was laid low with a stroke.

My mother always blamed herself for this. As my father frequently pointed out, there was no proof that Miss Hanney had known about the engagement of the new needlewoman. But my mother's warm and generous heart was not eased by this evasion, and she took endless trouble, through the rest of her life, to look after Miss Hanney.

"Looking after Miss Hanney" became, in fact, a family duty, an accepted tradition. My father wrung out of the charities named in Arthur Hanney's will a small "compassionate" income which, when added to the tiny sum she had inherited from her mother, and what we could contribute, just sufficed to keep Miss Hanney, first in one of the local almshouses, then in some kind of institution for the ailing indigent. By then her mind was quite gone; she did not seem to recognize us when we visited her, though she smiled.

Years passed; my brothers reached manhood and married; my father died; I married; my mother became an invalid and I spent much time with her—through all these years Miss Hanney lingered. It was now my duty to visit her and report on her health to my mother, who listened sadly.

"Poor Mary. What a life! She was the best, the noblest, the most honourable girl I ever knew," said my mother. "When we were young, she had a fancy for Joe—your father, you know; and at that time she had everything and I had nothing. . . ."

"You had beauty," I objected.

"Well, yes," said my mother in a tone of vexation. "I suppose I had. But the Hanneys were well-off, had a big house and gave splendid parties, and Mary was always most tastefully dressed and had all the best masters for music and drawing.

"In everything she far surpassed me, and some girls would have done all they could to take Joe away, but Mary never tried. She always asked me to all their parties, threw Joe and me together, and helped us. She saw we loved each other, you see. Yes, Mary Hanney was a *good woman*," said my mother, fiercely emphatic, "and it's a wicked shame her life should have been spoiled by quarrels not her own."

"How did it all happen?" said I.

"Well," began my mother. She paused, and looked at me doubtfully, from her still wonderfully blue and innocent eyes. "Of course, you're a grown woman now, after all."

I reminded her that I was married and had three children of my own. This led to a slight digression on their present welfare, but we returned to Miss Hanney by way of a remark on the sewing and mending a family required to keep them decently equipped.

"Poor Mary Hanney," said my mother. "Her father and mother, you see, were at daggers drawn."

And then it all came rolling out, the story of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.

In my mother's young days Arthur Hanney was a well-known Annotsfield solicitor, with a very handsome, very proud, very reserved and honourable wife. He was not, however, a native of Annotsfield, and neither was Mrs. Hanney; it was understood that they came from somewhere in the East Riding of Yorkshire—he from some small country market town, and she from a village not far away. He had come to Annotsfield as a junior partner in a very reputable local firm, just before Mary was born, and had made a good position for himself in and around the town.

He was, it seemed, a shrewd lawyer, and prospered accordingly. He was also genial, jovial, hail-fellow-well-met, rather loud and jolly, easy with his money, not averse to a drink or a bet, altogether a popular type, who was at home in any company.

People said that it must have been an attraction of opposites between himself and his wife, for she was so very quiet and proud, though humane in disposition and, of course, the soul of honour. She was a very good churchwoman, and always to the fore in local charities, to which she gave generously of time and money. Intelligent and capable, she managed the Hanney household to admiration—and Annotsfield housewives are keen critics of household management.

She never gossiped, and showed clearly her scornful dislike of that kind of spiteful chit-chat; in particular, she was always loyal to her husband in talk, never indulging in any of those little side scratches by which women relieve the kind of resentment they dare not directly express.

The child, Mary, to whom she was devoted, was brought up to hold the same lofty ideas of right and wrong as her mother. Altogether Mrs. Hanney was much respected; and the Hanney household was regarded as of good standing, holding a good position in the town.

Then, like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, came the rumour that Arthur Hanney had been accused of negligence in the handling of a client's money, and

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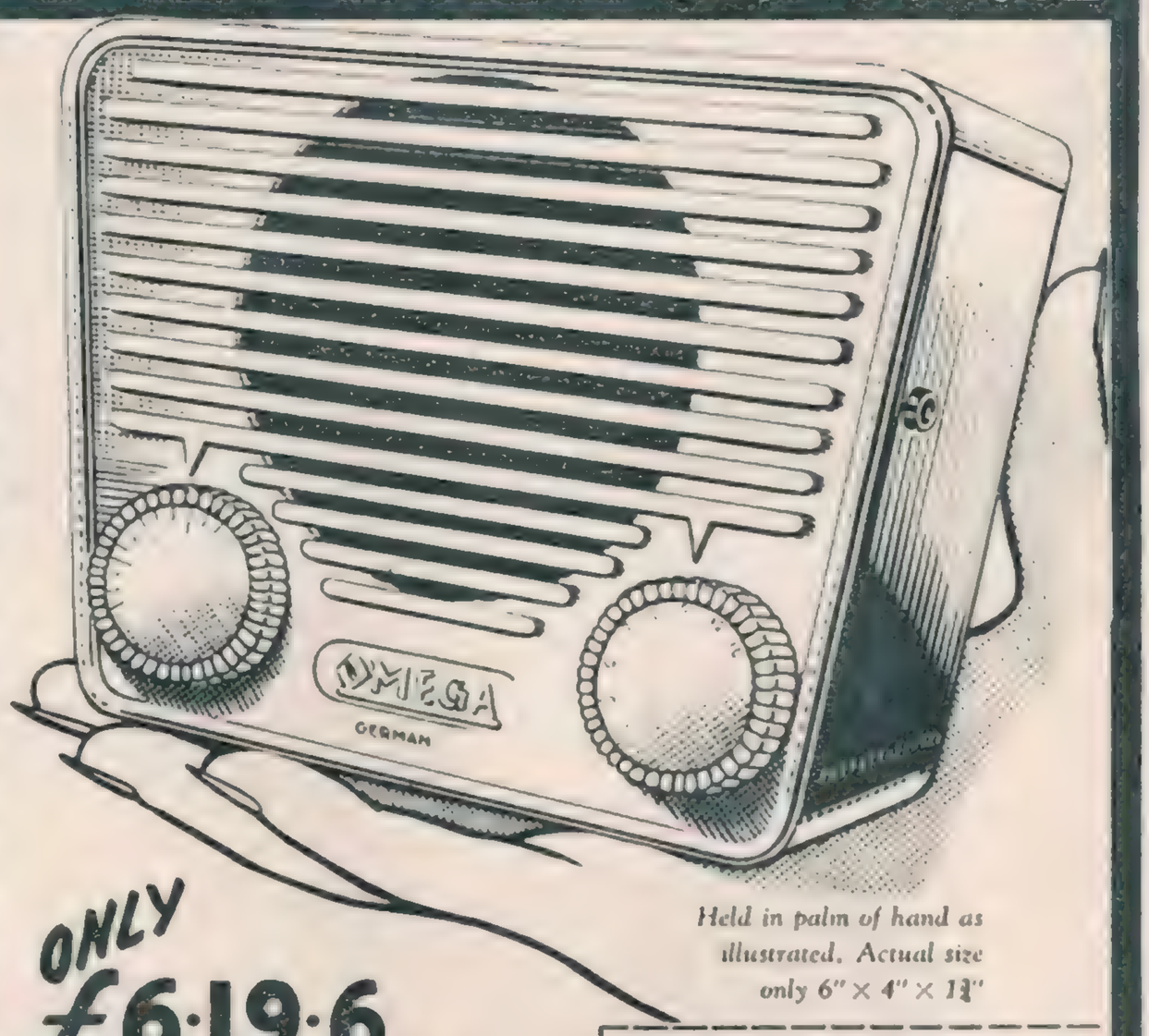

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ROOM UNDER YOUR ROOF

If you're hemmed in and feeling cramped, take a close look at your attic. It may hold the secret of spacious living

WE had been a week in our last house before I discovered the room at the top. I had seen the surveyor disappear through the trapdoor in the ceiling and come down later making satisfied noises about the state of the roof. But he never mentioned the enormous room. In fact it was more like a tent extending over the whole area of the house, with rafters sloping down to a partly boarded floor.

At first we used this splendid space as a trunk and junk store. Later, when the family needed more elbow room, I lined the roof with insulation, laid a complete floor and turned the place over to the children as a playroom-workshop. Here they were able to make an enjoyable mess, pulling up the ladder when they wanted to sever connections with the adult world.

If you need more space for a growing family or for your own hobbies it may be worth while to investigate the possibilities of your attic before planning the building of new rooms or deciding to move to a larger house. Under the sloping roof there may be enough space for the creation of an extra room or several rooms for no more outlay than the cost of fixing floor and wall boards, constructing a skylight or dormer window, and laying on electric light and heat.

The photographs on these pages show how one man tackled this job and added a spacious new room to his house on a do-it-yourself basis. The man is J. A. Roberts, an energetic professional engineer who likes to work with his hands in his spare time. The house, built before the war, was in a badly neglected state when he moved into it with his wife and two daughters eighteen months ago. It was not well planned and, in the process of improving the layout, one bedroom had to be sacrificed to make a new bathroom. Looking round for a way to make up for this loss of living space Mr. Roberts cast a speculative eye on the space under his roof.

Space to spare

The roof had a flat middle section surrounded by steep tiled slopes on all four sides. It enclosed an attic space the whole area of the house lit by two small dormer windows. Exposed rafters sloped down to a floor which was already boarded. Access was by a tiny twisting staircase concealed behind a door in one of the bedrooms.

Turning this unemployed space into the all-purpose family room illustrated here was a job which occupied most of Mr. Roberts's spare time last winter. On the next page you can see how he lined the roof with insulating paper, formed walls of Tentest board on a framework of 2 in. × 1½ in. battens and a ceiling of the same board material.

Mr. Roberts was lucky in having an attic already equipped with windows, a board floor and a built-in staircase. Many under-roof spaces are dark caves with exposed joists instead of a board floor and no better access than a hole in the landing ceiling. But if there is sufficient headroom to enable you to stand up straight in the middle area you may be able to transform the cave

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and daughter Christine enjoy a musical interlude in the new family recreation room. Until Mr. Roberts got to work last winter this was a dusty, unused roof space. Christine and her sister chose the decorations—a lively contemporary wallpaper in ribbons of red, white and black and a pale blue ceiling dotted with white stars

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

To let in more light from the tiny dormer windows, Mr. Roberts cut away a curved section of roof timber, first checking that it would not be unduly weakened

The lower slopes of the roof were cut off with a false wall, 4 ft. 6 in. high, made of Tentest board on a framework of 2 in. x 1½ in. battens. Mr. Roberts has an eye for accuracy

Before facing the ceiling with wall board Mr. Roberts lined the space between the rafters with a layer of Sisalcraft insulation paper to prevent heat from leaking out

With a ceiling height fixed at 7 ft. 6 in. and walls at 4 ft. 6 in., only a small area of roof slope remained visible. This, too, was faced with Tentest board. Doors in the false walls give access to useful storage space under the eaves

into useful living space for a moderate outlay.

If the space is large it may provide an extra bedroom or a children's playroom. A smaller space can make a good workshop or hobbies corner. I know one keen amateur photographer who has taken advantage of the natural darkness under the roof to fix himself an impressive dark room. Another enterprising character uses his roof space to grow mushrooms. Even a tiny attic can provide well organized storage space which relieves pressure on shelves and cupboards elsewhere.

Before tackling an attic conversion check with your local council that your scheme is in line with building regulations for the district. Bye-laws vary but may affect such matters as the construction of skylights or windows, method of access, strength of floor joists, and so forth. If the attic space has been completely unused the addition of new living space may involve some addition to the rateable value of your house and some adjustment to your fire insurance policy. You are not likely to run into serious trouble on any of these points if your scheme does not disturb the main structure of the building.

If your attic has no daylight and no floor consult a local builder or surveyor who can advise you about the construction of a dormer window or skylight, the enlargement of the trap door, and whether additional joists will be needed to carry the new floor. Unless you are a super-handyman with a knowledge of building you will be wise to leave to the builder any window or skylight construction which may interfere with the roof structure.

The floor, on the other hand, is a job well within the scope of the average handyman. If the size and span of the existing joists is sufficient to carry the floor, ordinary ⅝ in. tongued and grooved floorboards can be laid across them and nailed into position. If the existing joists are not strong enough, new and deeper joists should be laid between them on which the flooring will rest.

An alternative floor covering which can be laid more rapidly than boards is the extra strong ¼ in. thick hardboard which Bowaters have recently put on the market. This can be obtained in strips 2 ft. and 2 ft. 6 in. wide for passing through narrow trap doors as well as in the standard 4 ft. and 5 ft. widths. At around 8½d. a sq. ft. for the standard grade and 11d. a sq. ft. for the extra tough, oil-tempered grade this material provides a cheap and easy form of flooring.

Until you have your flooring fixed, walk around your attic with care, treading only on the joists. Step on the lath and plaster between them and you are liable to find yourself with one foot sticking through the ceiling of the room below. To ease your early manoeuvres take a plank or two up into the attic and lay these across the joists to make a safe path.

Temperature control

Unless it is already insulated the space under the roof is likely to be broiling in summer and glacial in winter. This trouble can be cured by lining the roof with an insulating wallboard or by filling the space between the rafters with a mineral-wool or fibre-glass blanket behind a hardboard facing. This roof insulation will not only moderate the temperature of the new attic room but will help to keep the whole house warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

Walls or half-walls must be formed to mask the sharp angle between the roof slope and the floor and to provide upright surfaces against which furniture can be arranged. These can be faced with the same material as that used for lining the roof.

Where the new walls cut off an appreciable amount of space in Mr. Roberts's attic he has fitted doors in them and used the spare space behind for storage.

Here are two useful tricks

How to get more light from your dormer window and a way to make the maximum use of hidden space

Below: It's all done with mirrors. Line the walls at the sides of a dormer window with mirror glass. The window will seem twice as wide and the mirrors will reflect extra light into the room. If there is a wide sill cover that with mirror glass, too. It will reflect light up on to the ceiling. Use space-saving venetian blinds instead of curtains

Right: A false wall which hides the lower slope of the roof cuts off a good deal of attic space. Here is one idea for turning this space to good use with built-in fitments. One section of the fitment is mounted on wheels and hinged to form a secret door giving access to the storage space behind. An automatic switch operates a light in the storage area

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

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from being a spare-time Methodist preacher, had run a small radio repair shop and petrol-filling station. Young Lovell had himself begun to dicker with the wireless sets when he was about ten.

He had gone to the village school and then on to Kingswood Grammar School in Bristol, where he had played a good deal of cricket but had not been noticeably bright at his studies. After taking his school certificate he had wanted to leave, but the headmaster had persuaded him to stay on in the sixth and study maths and physics.

I said: "What would you have done if you had left then?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was interested in cricket—unreasonably interested, I think. I still am. Music, perhaps. I just don't know. There were a number of careers I might have followed. Anyway, I stayed and began to work quite hard for my 'advanced level' to get to university. I think that was the first time I'd ever really worked."

Job with Blackett

He had got to university, at Bristol, read physics, and won a research scholarship. When this ran out, his professor had looked around for a job for him. Two seemed suitable—one with Professor Blackett in London, to work on cosmic rays, and the other an assistant lectureship at Manchester. Lovell had plumped for Blackett and had travelled up to London to see him.

His voice had been growing steadily more hesitant as he recounted this part of his career. I said: "Do you remember very much about that interview?"

"Oh, yes."

"What happened?"

"He turned me down."

"Why was that?"

"Oh, well. He took somebody who already had experience of the techniques he was using."

"Were you disappointed?"

"Yes. I was. Very disappointed. I remember that day most vividly."

So he had gone to Manchester, instead. But his pride had been hurt and it had not been a very satisfactory year. The equipment at Manchester had not been entirely suitable for his experiments. There had been few results. Nothing had gone quite right.

Then fate had made its first intervention on Lovell's behalf. The head of the department left—and Blackett came to take his place. Lovell applied again to work with him, and this time was accepted. From then until the war his association with Blackett—whose reputation as a physicist was already international—was very close. Lovell speaks of him today with more than ordinary admiration.

During the war he was seconded to the Telecommunications Research Establishment, where he worked on blind-bombing techniques and on radar. It was through radar—and a chance conversation one night with a group of colleagues—that fate again intervened.

How it all started

"We were discussing the possibility of reducing mush—the background noise level on radar—so that the signals we wanted would stand out better. And someone, I don't know who it was, happened to mention a quite fundamental limit to such reductions, apart from any noise that was generated in the components."

The limit was set by a very faint but incessant crackling that came from outer space. It had first been isolated in the early 1930s by an American telephone engineer named Jansky, but little research had yet been done. This was the first Lovell had heard of it.

When war ended, he returned to Manchester University—with two trailers of radar equipment that he had borrowed from the army. "I set up the equipment in the quadrangle outside the physics department, but there was too much interference and I looked round for another site. The botany department happened to own some land out in the country at Jodrell Bank, so I asked permission to come out here, and got it.

"I'd like to mention here," he said seriously, "an excellent illustration of the value of freedom in fundamental research. The piece of research I was supposed to be doing was to study cosmic ray bursts by radar. If they'd made me stick to that, the big telescope would never have come about.

"In fact, they didn't make me stick to it, and instead we ran into all these other exciting things, these astronomical things. And I've never once had time to get round to the experiment I came out here to do in nineteen forty-five. You can't over-estimate the value of complete freedom in research."

"What staff did you have with you at the time?"

"Oh, I was alone I was dumped in the field with the trailers in the middle of December. There were just a couple of old gardeners here. The trailer got stuck in the mud and it took me two and a half days to get the ice out of the diesel pipes to get it moving. Later, a couple of colleagues joined me and we dug a track across the fields to make a site for the trailers.

"It was really quite rudimentary. There were only about a dozen of us here even after five years. We had no buildings. We used to work in one of the trailers. We brought sandwiches and ate them in the gardeners' place."

"When did you conceive the idea of the big, steerable radio telescope?"

"Oh, very early. I started agitating for it in nineteen forty-eight."

"Was there much opposition?"

"Well, it was appallingly difficult to find anyone who believed in it. That is, apart from Blackett, of course. He gave enormous help. He could have blocked it right away, if he'd wanted to. Also, I couldn't find an engineer who even thought it at all feasible.

It took courage

"The telescope was, you see, quite unique. There were an amazing variety of problems . . . wind forces, heat in the summer, cold in winter. . . . I had some very depressing days, files of letters from the big engineering companies saying the project was quite impossible. Then I was introduced to Mr. Husband, whose firm finally took it on."

"Why did he take it on when the others wouldn't?"

"He was more courageous, perhaps, more skilful. He certainly made a marvellous job of it, anyway."

"What about money troubles?"

"I don't really want to go into that. I mean, it's all been well documented. Anyway, we got it, and in nineteen fifty-seven the telescope was finally in service. Since then it's done about eight thousand hours of research. It's really on a twenty-four hour schedule."

He turned round to look at it again. A slight mist had formed and the giant steel structure looked more spectral than ever. The huge bowl was tilted to one side, extraordinarily like an ear cocked to pick up some distant sound.

I said: "What have been the most important results achieved so far?"

"That's very difficult to answer. There isn't anything that would make spectacular headlines like the tracking of a sputnik or a moon probe—I mean about our real work. It's fundamentally much more important. To get an idea of it you'd have to read more than three hundred papers in the scientific press. It isn't anything you can summarize briefly. We are simply studying the remote parts of the universe, and for this work it is the largest and most accurate instrument in the world."

"Have our ideas on the universe changed a great deal in recent years?"

"Enormously. Only twenty or thirty years ago people believed our solar system was in the centre of the universe. We know now that it isn't. We are right out on a spiral arm of the Milky Way system, and there are countless billions of similar systems.

"Another significant point is that whereas we believed previously that the earth had been torn out of the sun as a hot molten mass and had then cooled, we now think this is very unlikely. The current view is that the stars and the

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

Have you an inferiority complex?

Answer these questions, set by a doctor, to see if you have an inferiority complex. Probably you have not, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this quiz

1. In your everyday activities is the underlying motive which compels you to do your best based on an ambition to

(a) show the world what a grand person you are?
(b) gain the admiration of someone you love?
(c) prove to a relative or well-known adult of your childhood years that you can disprove their premonitions that you wouldn't get on in life?

2. Think for a minute about the person next door, your fellow worker, or a close relative—of the same sex and generation as yourself. Would you say

(a) that you are the more clever person?
(b) that you are so different comparison isn't possible?
(c) that you are not so clever?

3. One miserable winter's evening you are left entirely by yourself at home. To enjoy the lazy, lonesome time would you prefer to

(a) watch TV, play records, or listen to the radio?
(b) read a book or magazine?
(c) daydream about the future when you are a big success and very popular?

4. Someone asks you to buy a ticket in a raffle. The price is high but you can just afford the extravagance. Do you

(a) eagerly buy a ticket and ask for details of the prizes?
(b) grudgingly buy a ticket while saying that you never win in these things?
(c) refuse to buy a ticket?

5. You go to a pub or café with a couple of friends. There's a big crowd round the counter. Do you

(a) suggest you go somewhere where it's less crowded?
(b) stand back while one of your friends elbows forward to give the order?
(c) say "leave this to me" and quickly get the assistant's attention?

6. In the classified advertisements in the local newspaper there's a "wanted" advertisement for something second-hand which you have to spare. The advertisement ends: "write, phone or call." Do you

(a) write?
(b) phone?
(c) call?

7. Out shopping by yourself you are greatly excited when a man rushes up to another walking in the crowd in front of you and arrests him. It appears that the first was a plain clothes police officer and the other an escaped convict. In recounting the incident at home do you

(a) give a truthful account of what happened?
(b) elaborate a little so as to involve yourself more than in reality happened?

8. Some scientists are always warning the public about the potential dangers from continued atomic bomb experiments. When their statements appear in the press or they are interviewed on radio and TV do you

(a) turn to something less depressing?
(b) pooh-pooh the views of cranky alarmists?
(c) become quiet and depressed for a time?

9. A bill you owe is overlooked and you get a summons to appear in court. Is your first reaction

(a) what people will think if this gets known?
(b) will immediate payment avoid a court hearing?
(c) if they want a fight they can have it?

10. When you suddenly find yourself the centre of attraction among a group of comparative strangers do you blush, stammer, perspire or get nervous twitches of the face or limbs?

(a) I used to; not now.
(b) I think I will, but I control myself.
(c) I certainly do.
(d) Never.

Now turn to page 44

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continued from previous page

planets were formed from an aggregation of cold, solid particles."

"Isn't the earth hot and molten still, apart from the crust?"

"Ah, well. That's radioactive heating after it was formed—radioactivity and pressure."

"And it was really made out of dust?"

"Perhaps. Cold, solid particles. This is known as the theory of cold accretion. And one of the critical things we want to find out is if these particles have any pre-life processes on them. An essential experiment for the biologist is to study the dust and the atmosphere on the planets to see if there are any signs at all of these organic molecules or pre-life processes.

"This is why we've got to be so careful that the moon and Mars and Venus are not hit by contaminated probes or rockets, because earth organisms would then be conveyed there and might breed or affect the evolution of life that might exist there."

"You would expect to find life there?"

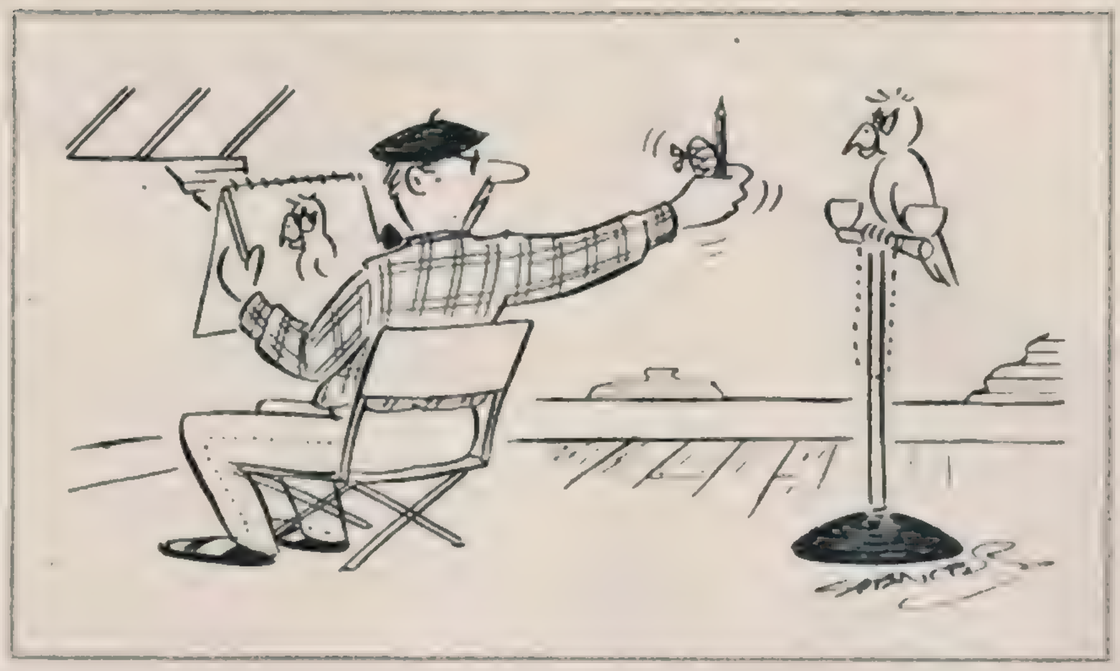
"Oh, nothing highly developed. That would be very surprising. But you can't exclude it. Outside our solar system, of course, it might be very different. I mean, the formation of our system was not a unique process. There are a very large number of similar planetary systems.

"Even if you put fantastic chances against it, there is still the possibility of life on billions of other planets, not only in the Milky Way."

"Two-legged life, do you mean?"

"I don't know whether it would be two-legged. Evolution on earth has pursued a particular path. In a different environment other organisms might have evolved. But the chances of civilization at a similar stage of development are really quite large.

"Of course," he added, twitching his lips, "it's entirely theoretical. I mean, to signal to some human being who might exist on a planet in the Andromeda nebula, for instance, would take two million years. And it would take the same time for a reply to come back."



"Is any serious work being done to discover if there is life in these distant parts?"

"Well, I recently had a letter from a very well-known physicist asking me to use the telescope to look for signs of life—that is, radio signals—coming from some planetary systems that might be associated with certain stars. Rather fantastic, maybe, but it shows that people think quite seriously about it."

Works until 2 a.m.

He had begun to rub his eyes a little. I asked him if he had been working the previous night.

"Yes. I'm normally up till about two o'clock when I'm working."

"What time do you get up?"

"Half past seven."

"Do you sleep in the afternoons?"

"No. There's really no need for you to be sorry for me," he said with a slight smile as I began to apologize for keeping him. "I like it. It's my job."

"What were you working at?"

"Oh, just studying a certain kind of phenomena in a particular group of stars. It's an experiment I'm fitting in between other jobs. It starts at about ten and goes on through the night."

"Are the stars very far away?"

"Not really. Just a few thousand light years. They're in the Milky Way," he added in amplification, nodding in the direction of Goostrey.

I left him and walked slowly back across the field. The telescope was no less disturbing now that I knew rather more about it. The enormous ear had moved noiselessly round again; the little aerials were still clicking and whirring. An unusual agglomeration of cold, solid particles seemed to be darkening the sky, and the surface of the radioactive planet underfoot was somewhat damper.

A few fields away, a group of cows moved judiciously nearer to the hedge. The universe was not promising over Lower Withington. It wasn't too marvellous over Goostrey, either. THE END

It's cost you £10,000 to keep me in prison

continued from page 23

books a week from the library. There were regular cinema shows, concerts and football matches.

When I first went in, prisoners got no money at all. Pay for prisoners began on September 12, 1937. It was 3d. a week. Nowadays the average pay in prison works out at about 2s. 6d. a week. I was the second prisoner ever to be paid in this country. A little lag named "Tichy" Beard beat me to it. He's another doing the rounds; last I heard of him he'd just finished a ten-year stretch at Parkhurst.

I served part of my last sentence at Parkhurst and I was reasonably happy there. I soon got used to the routine in jail, but I've never been able to get used to coming out.

On that sunny morning last May it was nearly four years since I had seen the outside world, and my worries were pushed into the background by the strange feelings of freedom, of being able to see an unlimited distance. Even a familiar thing like a dog or a cat has some mystery about it when you haven't set eyes on one for years.

Back in the world

The taxi sent by the authorities took me the six miles across the moor to Yelverton station, where I caught the local train to Tavistock. It's not a big town, but compared with the inflexible routine of prison life, where every week is an exact replica of the previous one, the world outside, with its noise and bustle, is bewildering.

I was back in the world, right in it, but not of it. I felt like a stranger, a visitor from another planet. The restraint I had been under made me too timid to ask the way, as if I were in a country where I did not speak the language.

Suddenly, I was hungry. In the same moment I realized that in the future neither bed nor breakfast would be laid on. The £1 in my pocket seemed to shrink in value.

There was an hour and a half to wait for the train, so I thought I'd have a cup of tea and a sandwich. The café was warm, inviting. The murmur of natural conversation and the sound of real crockery being used were as soothing as a lullaby.

These pleasant feelings left me when my sandwich arrived. I'm used to eating alone. Now I was exposed, with what looked like accusing eyes watching me from all sides. My delight at being free began to ooze away. I knew I looked shabby, and now I felt shabby inside. I was sure that everywhere people would know me for an old lag.

A man fresh out of jail needs three things to give him a chance to regain his self-respect and readjust himself to society: somewhere to live; a job; money to tide him over.

The thing we want most is to fit in somewhere. I have tried to go straight every time I have come out.

When I say that, I'm not deceiving myself. I don't suppose the value of all I have ever stolen would amount to £1,000. I'm a watchmaker by trade. I served a full apprenticeship. At normal wages I would by now have earned honestly twenty times as much as the value of what I've stolen—if I could have got back into the trade after my first offence.

I kept turning these problems over in my mind as the train rolled me away from the Moor. At one point I fell asleep. A tap on the shoulder woke me with a start. It was the ticket inspector, but as I opened my eyes on to a uniform, I saw the chief officer of the prison. It was a few seconds before I realized where I was.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I reached Blackpool, having broken my journey with a night at a Salvation Army hostel in Liverpool. As always, the first difficulty was accommodation. Many ex-prisoners never get past it. I don't say there are no landladies ready to trust a scruffy-looking man with no luggage for a week's rent, but I've never been able to find one.

Search for a room

I wandered round the poorer streets. I'd been through these formalities before, but I thought I'd try again. In one place I saw a sign: "Room to let." I knocked on the door and it was answered by a grey-haired, smiling woman.

"I see you have a room to let," I began.

"Yes. Would you like to come in and see it?"

I hesitated. "I'm in a bit of a quandary. I've been out of work for some time. I've got eight shillings; that will keep the room for the night, and I'll get the rest as soon as I have been to the public assistance."

The shutter came down on her pleasantness.

"No, I can't do that," she said shortly. "I know all about public assistance. I'm sorry."

I went to see a probation officer who had helped me before. He gave me £1—and I found a night's bed and breakfast for 12s. 6d.

Next morning, to get the money for a room, I went to the local office of the National Assistance Board, in Talbot Road, Blackpool. The first thing they wanted to know was my name and permanent address.

"No fixed abode," I told the clerk.

"I'm sorry, we can do nothing for you," he said. That is what he is

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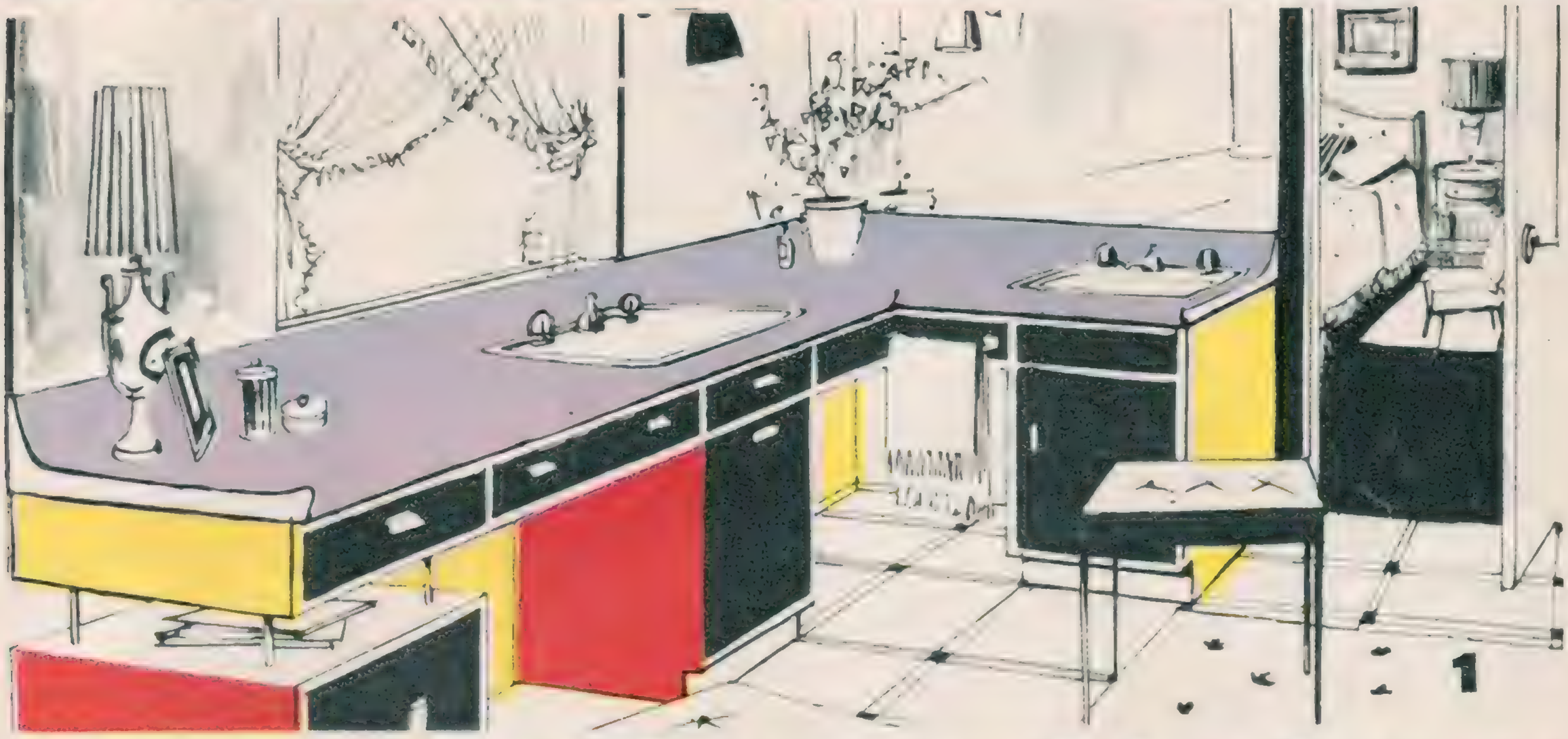
FORMICA* ideas



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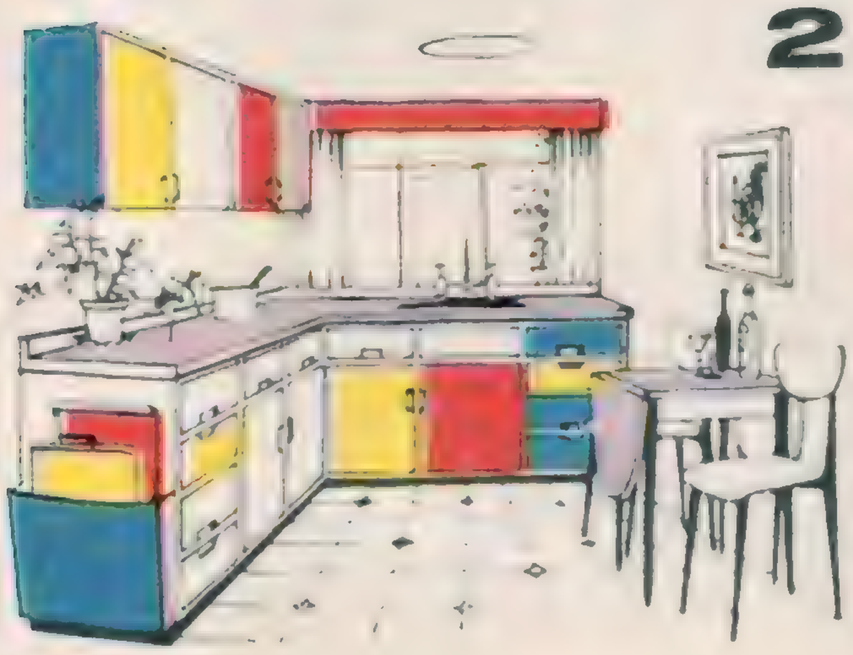

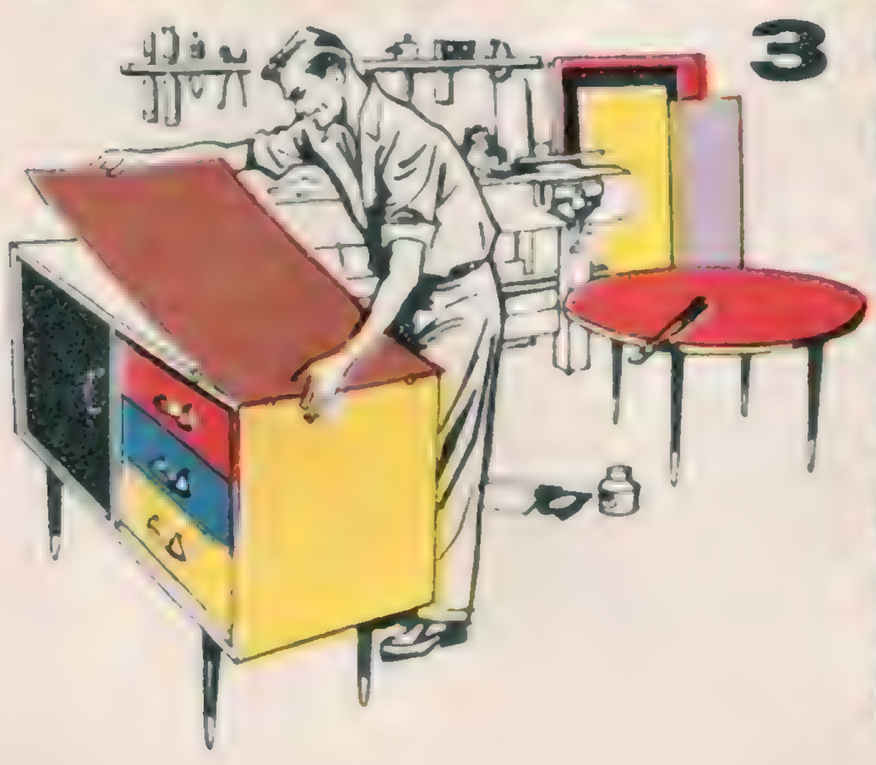

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RIW

It's cost you £10,000 to keep me in prison

continued from page 30

bound to say. He has to do his best to establish beyond any doubt the identity and place of residence of any applicant.

This is the cleft stick that hundreds of men out of prison find themselves in. You can't get a room without money, and you can't get the money without a room. Even if you have enough money to stay in a common lodging house for a night or two, that's not good enough. The address must be permanent, the rent paid in advance.

I told the clerk that I'd just come out of jail. He asked which one, how long had I been in for, what was my address before I went in, and other questions. He wrote the answers down on a form and told me to wait.

Then I went back to my place. "Which nick were you in?" asked the man next to me. I knew at once he was one of the fraternity, otherwise he wouldn't have called prison, nick. He had heard all the clerk's questions.

Later I heard my name called and the clerk told me: "Well, we can give you five shillings. Get yourself a room and let us know, and we'll do something about the rent until you get a job."

I asked where I could get a room without money. "Oh, there are plenty about," he said.

"Where? Where have you sent others?" He could not tell me.

I got the money for the room by selling the prison suit and raincoat they had given me at the Moor, leaving me with only the old suit in which I had been arrested. I touched thirty shillings for the two of them, and I found a room for twenty-five. I told the National Assistance Board, and they said they would send a man out to check, but I must wait in for him.

I waited for four days. Nobody came. They had forgotten me, while I sat there wasting time that I could have spent looking for a job. I went back and reminded them. "We'll send a man at once," I was told. "Go back and wait."

The man came the same day. He checked that I was living there, and that the rent was 25s.

When the ex-prisoner has solved the difficulty of accommodation, an even greater problem faces him. How can he find work?

You must have an insurance card to get a job, and since no stamps are put on it while a man is in jail, the prospective employer is presented with an empty card, which says in invisible words: "This man has just come out of prison," and out you go.

'Sorry old chap...'

A thing which has struck me forcibly many times is that most people are willing and hopeful that I should have a job, but none of them ever wanted to give it to me.

It's always: "Well, I'm sorry, old chap, but you've come just too late. Try Mr. Green," and you go to Mr. Green and he says: "If Harry had only sent you a day or two ago . . . but I'll tell you what—try Mr. Black."

I remember a back-street jeweller I tried in Blackpool this time. He was a decent bloke, sympathetic. I told him my record; I always do now.

"Why don't you admit you've had your lot in this game?" he said. "All my stock is insured against theft, like in any watch-repairing business. Suppose some of it goes missing. The insurance people will investigate, almost sure to find your background, and they'll be down on me for not telling them. If I do tell them they'll raise my premiums. I can't afford it." I can't say I blamed him.

The few times I have had a job it has never lasted long, and I've never felt safe. Once I worked as a waiter, living in a small hotel. It was in Manchester. The manager used to send me to the bank every Monday with the takings, usually about £40 for the week. I had no more thought of keeping his money than anyone else might have. I didn't want it. I had what I wanted, a home and a job.

But I wasn't safe. The manager kept asking me for references. I suppose the brewery was pressing him. Eventually I couldn't put him off any longer. I asked him what sort of reference he would give me if I left and he said: "I'd give you a good one."

I told him, "Well, that's the only one I've got, because when I took on this job, I had just come out of jail."

Then, of course, it was his duty to tell the brewery. They gave me four weeks' notice. I think that job was as near as I ever got to settling down.

Asked for £50

I haven't said much about the various discharged prisoners' aid societies, because they are not really involved in the ex-prisoner's problems. They are charitable organizations and have very little money. They are good people, but there is not much they can do. And their approach is all wrong.

After my first conviction I was allowed to state my case before the local prisoners' aid society committee. I asked for £50 to start a lock-up watch repairing business. They nearly fell off their chairs—and gave me 30s.

I say that to send away a man straight from jail with thirty bob and a few cheerful words is an empty gesture. I think it would have been worthwhile to risk the £50 to keep me out. I believe I would have gone straight for life, because your first prison sentence is frightening. Instead, I have had the £50 in dribs and drabs after various convictions, to say nothing of the cost of keeping me inside.

I would prefer prison tougher than it is, if I knew that the money which is spent on making it soft was going instead to some organization which would ensure that I had a better chance to go straight when I was free.

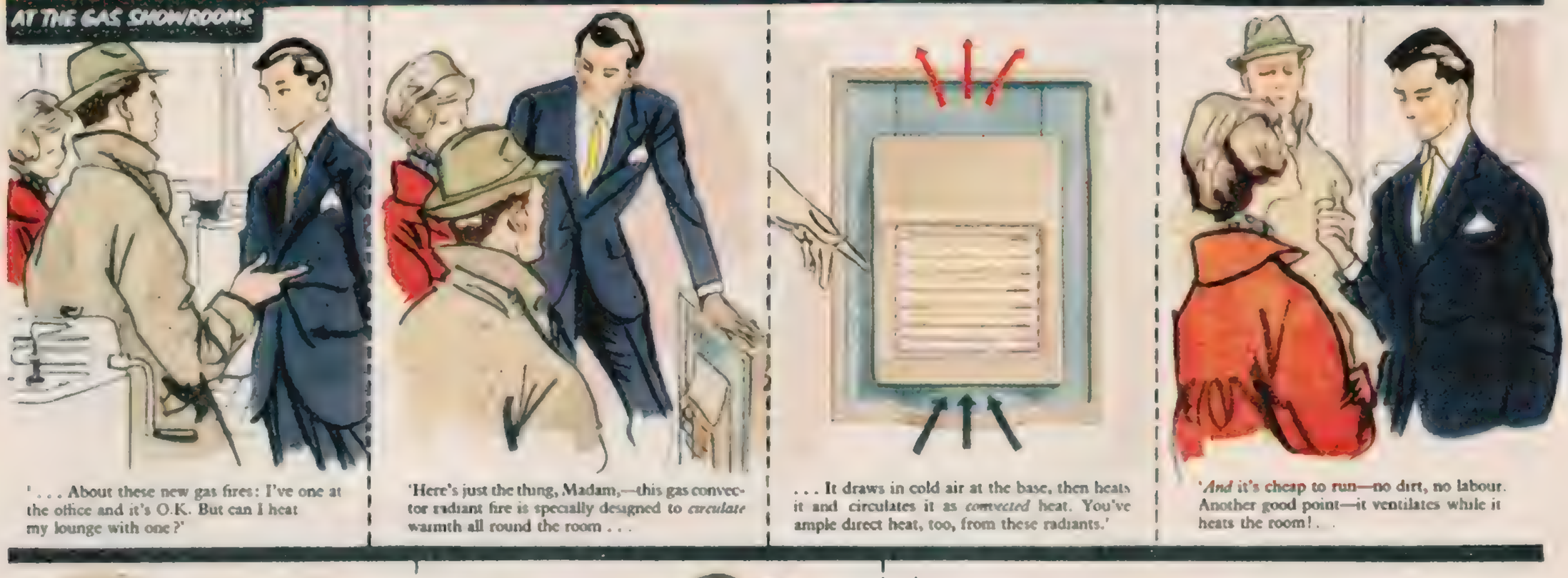
In prison, I've done courses in bricklaying, book-keeping, woodwork and shorthand, among other things, but there has never been anybody for me to turn to for guidance and help in getting a job. That's what I've always wanted, a social worker attached to the prison who would take an interest in me, not regard me as a case number to be put through the same old routine, as the organizations now existing do.

In Manchester a few weeks ago I met a man who had been in the next cell to me at Dartmoor, and had been released four weeks after me. He'd been out a few days when I met him, and it was the same story: no money, no address, no job. The time before that they

DACHSIE

She was ashamed of her cold-hearted home!

I don't know what Kay and Bill will think – this place is like the inside of a 'fridge! Can't we do better than that fire? – it's hopeless.
Fair enough – I'll see what I can do.



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continued from page 32

had let him out without a penny, he told me, and he had been at it again within three days.

It's bad enough outside for the jailbird even when he's trying to go straight. There's so much you don't know. Life has moved on past you. In time you learn and get used to paying the right price for cigarettes, beer, stamps, fish and chips, and so on. It's people you can't get used to.

I remember once in Manchester, I was talking in a pub about logic. I'd done a course on the subject inside. I went on for some time. When I stopped, a chap said to me: "Eh, you're not a bad talker."

A few days later I heard him describing me as a "plausible rogue." I knew what had happened. I'd been there too long. The word had gone round that I was a man with a record. I went into that pub again a couple of times, but people had started to avoid me. I moved on to another town.

When I've done a job and I'm on the run, it's much worse. I dare not stop more than a day or two anywhere. I dare not get mixed up in an accident, or a fight. I can't settle in digs, because every time the postman knocks I'm wondering if it's a policeman. If I want a bus, I've to wait for one with an empty seat at the back, so that any copper has to sit where I can see him, and beat him off the bus.

They say the safest place is in a crowd, but you're never safe. Once I was picked up at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, at a night football match. Three burly, porridge-fed Scottish policemen marched me off round the touchline and out of the ground. I'd been arrested for failing to report while on licence. Unfortunately, I'd been buzzing. I had a wallet on me and I could not get rid of it. There were 60,000 people there, but they had to pick me out. Back again I went for three years.

I've been out over three months now, and that's as much freedom as I've had since 1928. I live from day to day, walking the streets, looking into shop windows until I find a clock that's stopped. I offer to mend it at a tempting price. Sometimes I make enough to keep me for a few days. For a time things are all right, but after a few days with no luck, it gets difficult.

There's always temptation. And the worse your condition the harder it is to resist. I was sitting in a bit of a park in south London the other night, when I heard a voice say: "'Allo, 'Arry, 'ow long is it since I seen you?"

Temptation . . . again

It was a chap I'd last seen in Parkhurst. He told me he was working in a Church Army place. At first I thought he was content with it, then he started calling it woman's work, and soon he'd come to the point.

"I 'ad a walk round last night," he said. "I saw a nice leather shop we could do. 'Ow about coming in on it with me? Look, it's like this. . . ." He got out a bit of paper and began to show me the layout. "I'll think it over and tell you Saturday," I said.

I went back to my bed in the institution. I sat down on the edge of it. I thought of all the other times I'd been in just that same position, sitting like that, with the smell of carbolic soap everywhere, turning out empty pockets, hoping to find a sixpence I'd missed. My shirt's dirty, and I dare not wash it, because the chances are it'll disappear while it's drying. My shoes are worn through, my feet blistered from tramping round looking for odd jobs.

There's nothing for it, I told myself, you'll have to go on the crook again. If you get away with it, you'll be better off. If you're caught, prison is no worse than this.

Truth is, it's better. Prison beds are spotlessly clean; this one is lousy. In prison there are books, concerts, people you know, and above all you know you'll eat tomorrow, and where you will sleep. THE END

"This is Mrs. Jackson's sitter-in—she said if the house caught fire or the children felt ill or anything I would be able to get her at your number . . ."

The golden deed

continued from page 14

dreadful here, George, too—we've had an absolutely ghastly time. Thank heaven you *did* come, that's all—I don't know what would have happened. He's been holding us prisoner—threatening us—hitting John."

"Why—the damned thug!" Sherston looked as though he'd like to set about Roscoe all over again.

At that point Mellanby returned with water and a towel and began to dash cold drops into the unconscious man's face. Roscoe moaned a little, but he still showed no sign of coming round. After a moment or two, Mellanby said: "We'll have to do something about him, Sally. Kira will be in soon."

"Why don't we take him upstairs?" Sherston suggested.

Sally shuddered. "No, no—he can't stay here. I don't want anything more to do with him."

"I'll ring the police," Mellanby said.

Sherston nodded. "I guess that's the best thing." He broke off, frowning down at the prostrate man. Roscoe's breathing was stertorous. He still hadn't moved. "You don't think we ought to wait till he comes round, maybe? After all, we did go for him with a couple of chairs."

SALLY said suddenly: "John, he couldn't have meant what he said, could he—about the children? If we told the police, I mean?"

"I don't know," Mellanby said. "But we'll have to tell them."

"I suppose so." She looked very distressed. "But, John, if anything happened to the children! Oh, I'm so tired I can hardly think."

"If you ask me," Sherston said, "you folks aren't in a state to make any decision right now. Look, what about me taking him along to the caravan for the night? We can decide what to do about him in the morning."

Mellanby looked at Sally. Her face was pale and drawn—she was just about all in. "Well, if you really don't mind having him," he said.

"I'm sure it's the best way," Sherston said.

"Then we'd better hurry—Kira's due back any minute. . . ."

Once they'd made the decision, it didn't take them long to get Roscoe to the Chrysler. Mellanby took his legs. Sherston heaved up his shoulders. Sally held the door for them. In a few moments they were out in the drive and easing him on to the back seat. Mellanby's water treatment had begun to revive him at last. He still wasn't fully conscious, but he was groaning.

"Perhaps I'd better come with you," Mellanby said.

"Oh, there's no need to do that—you stay and look after Sally. I'll manage." Sherston went round to the boot and found a spanner and put it on a ledge under the dash. "If he gives any trouble I'll be only too happy to take care of him."

"Will you be able to get him into the caravan?"

"We'll drag him in somehow, if he hasn't come round. Eve will help."

Sally said: "Is she really all right?"

"Yes—thank God! A bit bruised and shocked, but I reckon she gave almost as good as she got. She's a tough girl—he didn't get far. What a swine! Men like that oughtn't to be allowed to live." Sherston pressed the starter. "Well. . . ."

"It's decent of you to take him off our hands, Sherston," Mellanby said. "I do appreciate it."

"That's all right," Sherston said. "Don't worry—I'll see to everything. Come over in the morning some time, and we'll fix up Roscoe's future."

Mellanby nodded. Sherston slipped the gear in, and the Chrysler moved quickly out of the drive.

Mellanby put his arm round Sally's shoulder. "Well—he's gone, darling."

A SORT of peace descended on the house after that—the peace of exhaustion. Mellanby straightened up the furniture and removed a broken chair and some other bits of debris to the loft. By the time Kira returned, rather later than they'd expected, all traces of the fight had been cleared away.

Sally was on the point of going to bed when the phone rang. It was Eve Sherston, in a voluble, post-crisis mood. "My dear," she exclaimed, as soon as she heard Sally's voice, "what an absolutely fantastic day! George has just told me the whole story. Heavens, I thought *I'd* had enough to put up with, but from what George says it must have been far worse for you. . . . I can still hardly believe it. . . ."

"I know," Sally said, "it's like some horrible nightmare. How are you, Eve—have you really got over your mauling?"

"More or less—though I feel absolutely worn out, of course."

"It must have been frightful."

"It *was* pretty awful. *I* think he's one of those psychopaths, but George won't have it—he says he's just plain vicious. George thinks he'll get at least five years when all the things are totted up."

"I think a man like that should be shut away for good," Sally said. "I'm terribly grateful to you for having him, Eve. Has he given any more trouble?"

"Well, that's actually what I'm ringing you about—George is a little bit

worried about him. He came round all right, but he keeps going off again. His pulse seems quite good and his colour isn't bad, but he *is* behaving in a rather odd way. George did wonder if we ought to get a doctor at once, but he thinks now it'll be all right to wait till morning—and Roscoe will probably be quite normal again by then. Anyway, he wanted John to know the position—so will you tell him?"

"Of course—he's in the bath at the moment." Sally frowned. "I do hope there's nothing seriously wrong."

"So does George—he says it might be a bit awkward explaining. But I'm sure there isn't—you could hardly have anybody tougher than Roscoe."

"All right, Eve—thanks for ringing. I'll tell John—and, of course, he'll be over first thing in the morning. . . . I hope you manage to get some sleep."

"Me, I'm going to take two little pills and make sure! Good night, Sally."

"Good night, Eve." Sally hung up, and went along to the bathroom to tell Mellanby.

He looked very concerned. "I don't much like the sound of it," he said. "I wonder if I ought to ring Hamley and take him round there right away?"

"Oh, darling, surely it's better to leave things to George. He's the man on the spot, after all. Honestly, I should wait till morning."

"Perhaps you're right," Mellanby said. . . .

It seemed as though he had been in bed for only a few minutes when the telephone shrilled again in the hall. He shot up in alarm, his nerves jangling, and switched on the light above his head. The time by his watch was a quarter to three. Sally, in her own bed, hadn't stirred. Mellanby slipped on his dressing gown, switched the light off again, and went quickly downstairs to take the call there. His heart was thumping. A ring at that hour could only mean trouble.

He snatched up the receiver in the sitting-room, cutting off the devilish din. "John Mellanby here," he said.

"John—this is George Sherston." The familiar voice was rough with agitation. "I'm afraid I've got bad news for you."

"Roscoe. . . ."

"Yes. Something frightful's happened, John—he's dead!"

"*No . . . !*" The word was a long-drawn-out whisper of horror.

"I'm afraid so."

Mellanby fought the choking constriction in his throat. "But—*how?* You said he was all right."

"I thought he was. It's one hell of a thing, isn't it?"

"I just can't believe it." Mellanby took the phone and slumped into a chair with it. "When did you find out?"

"About half an hour ago. I'd been for a bit of a stroll round the van—couldn't rest. He seemed all right when I left him—he was breathing lightly, but I didn't think there was anything to worry about. Then when I got back and took another look he didn't seem to be breathing at all. And he wasn't. That knock must have smashed his skull in."

Mellanby groaned. "George—*why* didn't we get a doctor right away?"

"I know, we ought to have done—but who the hell would have dreamed he'd go out like that? His skull must be as thin as paper. Probably a doctor couldn't have done much for him, anyway. Well, there it is, John—we're in a bit of a spot—but we can handle it all right. Listen, does anyone else know what happened at your house tonight? Did you tell Kira?"

"No."

"Thank heaven for that! What

PATIENCE—1

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St. Francis de Sales

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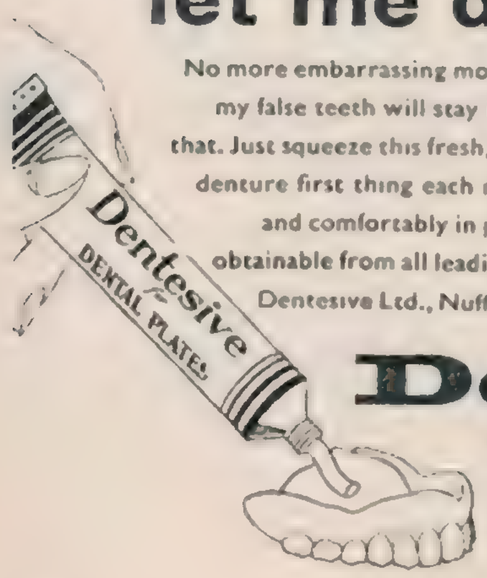

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The golden deed

continued from previous page

about the children—did they hear anything?"

"I don't think so."

"Fine. I've got things pretty well sorted out at this end. I'd like you to come round, though—we must talk."

"I'll come straight away."

"Okay, I'll be seeing you."

There was a click as Sherston rang off. At his end Mellanby put the receiver down in a kind of daze.

It was hard to grasp that Roscoe was dead. It was harder still to grasp that he, John Mellanby, had killed him. But it was so, and it had to be faced.

Presently he went to wake Sally.

Twenty minutes later Mellanby was on his way to the caravan in the Humber. It took him less than half an hour to reach the quarry through the quiet lanes. A light was burning in the caravan. Eve Sherston was standing in the open doorway, silhouetted against the light as she gazed out. Mellanby swung the car in beside the Chrysler, doused his lamps, and limped over.

"Hallo, Eve." He glanced apprehensively into the van. There was no sign of Sherston. "Where's George?"

"Over there in the bushes," she said. Her voice had a note of panic in it. "He says he's right, but. . . ."

MELLANBY swung round, following the direction of her pointing finger. There was a faint glow from the vegetation near the verge of the road. He crossed the quarry and plunged into the bushes, thrusting the foliage aside. At a spot close to the road's edge, but well screened from it, Sherston was wielding a spade by the light of an electric hand lamp set on the ground. There was a long, deep hole at his feet and he was feverishly shovelling earth back into it. Sweat was rolling down his face in streams. He paused for a second as Mellanby appeared; said: "Good man—you've been quick," and went on shovelling.

"George — what the hell are you doing?" Mellanby cried.

"What does it look like?" Sherston said, throwing in another spadeful.

With incredulous horror, Mellanby gazed down. Three feet below the surface of the ground, he could just make out the death-pale face of Keith Roscoe. The scratch on the cheek showed like a dark line. Then a spadeful of earth covered it.

"Stop!" Mellanby shouted. He seized Sherston's arm. "For God's sake, George. We can't do this."

"Quiet, man!" Sherston jerked himself free and continued to shovel in the earth. "What else can we do?"

"We can tell the truth," Mellanby cried, in a near-frenzy. "We *must*!"

He tried to grab the spade, but Sherston pushed him aside—not roughly but firmly, as though his mind was made up. "Let me finish, John—it'll be light in half an hour. I tell you we had no choice. We'll argue later."

He was beginning to stamp the soil down now. The job was almost done. Sick with horror, Mellanby turned away. For the second time that night he felt himself utterly inadequate. Groping blindly, he stumbled back to the caravan. "Give me a drink, Eve, for God's sake," he said.

She poured him whisky, a stiff shot, and he drank it neat.

"George is mad," he said. "*Mad!*"

"I tried to stop him, John, but he wouldn't listen to me. He said he knew best. John, I'm terrified."

"You've good reason to be. We all have! If only I'd *known*!"

He stopped abruptly as a beam of light suddenly lit up the lane. Eve called out in alarm: "George. There's someone coming!" Sherston called something back and the glow disappeared from the bushes. Eve pulled the caravan door shut and turned out the gas lamp.

The sound of a car engine grew louder. Eve, a frightened voice in the darkness, said: "Who'd come along here at this hour?"

Mellanby didn't answer. He was beyond caring who came—he'd almost have welcomed someone.

The lights grew brighter. The car seemed to slow. Then it went on again. As it passed, Mellanby caught the clink of bottles. "Milk!" Eve said, with a hysterical little laugh. "Would you believe it?" When the engine noise had died, she opened the door and lit the gas again. Her face was as pale as parchment under the glare.

In a few moments, Sherston appeared at the door. "False alarm, eh?" he said to Eve. "That thing had me worried for a second."

He climbed into the van and pulled the door shut. "Sorry if I was a bit rough out there, John, but I had to finish what I'd started."

"Why do it at all? We're not criminals. It was—it was an accident."

Sherston poured himself a glass of water and drank deeply. Then he sat down opposite Mellanby. "Now listen to me, John," he said quietly. "I've had a bit longer to think about this than you have, and I reckon I've got the position a good deal clearer. Of course it was an accident—we neither of us

PATIENCE—2

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

George Eliot

Magic and Kathie McGraw

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the hens had scratched in the ground, stuck a stake in the centre, and grubbed about among the dirt. He held up a handful of rubble and trickled it through his fingers. A flutter of gold coins jingled down with the blowing dust. He looked suddenly up at the cottage, took alarm and climbed smartly back over the fence. He ran off down the path to where the trap was waiting in the road.

"Glory be!" said Lafferty. "It's in the widow McGraw's chicken run. A fortune in gold and silver and the dear knows what."

"The chickens have grubbed it up somehow," whispered Garvey. "The chest must have rotted away with all the hundreds of years in the wet and the cold of it, and some of the stuff has spilled out."

"That'll be just the way of it," exclaimed Hegarty. "But 'tis only the tiny gew-gaws the hens could pick up. All the big handsome pieces will still be there."

"Enough of your yammering," broke in O'Toole. "The Spaniard has found the treasure all right, and he'll be taking it for himself if we don't get moving. He'll be back now to the town for money to buy the place from widow McGraw. So back to the gig, boys, and we'll beat him to it yet. But, with him like to be offering her the moon in the sky, we'll have to bid high ourselves. So let's have twenty pounds in the kitty each, then we'll have room for manoeuvre. . . ."

Less than an hour later, the widow McGraw opened the door of her cottage.

"Good day to you, Widow McGraw, my dear," smiled O'Toole. "'Tis many a long day since the boys and myself had the pleasure of hearing your sweet voice, and we've brought you a little

"Stop it, Leslie. You're gaining on me"

intended to kill him. But I damn well intended to half-kill him if I could, and from the way you went for him I wouldn't say you were exactly friendly. So what would it look like if tonight's story got out?"

"I don't care what it looks like," Mellanby said angrily.

"You soon would! Can't you see we wouldn't have a dog's chance? We both went for him with chairs, and between us we knocked him unconscious. We didn't call a doctor. Instead, we smuggled him out here, and he died. I know there was a damn good reason for everything we did, but would anyone else think so? Don't kid yourself. There's not a jury that wouldn't bring in manslaughter."

"You were wrong," Mellanby said. "You've put us both in the wrong — hopelessly. What you've done now is criminal."

"Well, try and forget it, John. If you can't do that, just keep quiet about it!" Sherston looked grim. "As a matter of fact I don't see how you can do anything else, now Roscoe's underground. They'd never believe you hadn't had a hand in it."

Mellanby groaned. "What a *mess*!"

"It's nothing like the mess it might have been."

"You can't be sure of that," Mellanby said. "How do you know the whole thing won't come out? Then where would we be?"

Sherston shook his head. "How can it? Who's to know? All you have to do is give out that Roscoe didn't like the Bath district after all and pushed off somewhere else—you don't know where—and that'll be that. He hadn't any roots here. He hadn't any friends, had he? I wouldn't think so! Who's going to search for him? He came here out of the blue, and he's gone back into it."

"It's not as simple as that," Mellanby said. "Everyone leaves traces. What about all his things up at the house?"

"Well, you'll have to pack those up double quick—hide them somewhere tonight and bring them along here as soon as you get the chance. I'll soon get rid of them."

Mellanby glanced out of the window. The sky had the pale look of dawn. The quietness of death was in the air.

He shivered. "Suppose someone found him? A dog might. . . ." He broke off, unable to finish.

"You needn't worry," Sherston said. "He's four feet down and well stamped on. By the time I've finished with the place, there won't be a trace. In a week or two it'll be grown over. Nobody's going to find him, and nobody's going to suspect a thing."

"It's so incredibly cold-blooded."

"John, this isn't a time to be squeamish. I know how you feel—right now I'm pretty queasy myself, to tell you the truth, though God knows I've seen *and* done tougher things in my time. The thing is, it was necessary."

"Eve doesn't think so."

"I didn't at first," Eve said, "but now I think George is right. Why should we risk ruining our lives for a man like Roscoe?"

JOHN MELLANBY got to his feet. "Well —I don't know. I'll have to think about it. I must talk to Sally."

"You do that," Sherston said. "Talk to Sally. Ask her if she wants *her* life ruined. She'll say I'm right—you'll see." He got up and opened the door. "I'm sorry about this, John. All I can say is, I've tried to do my best, for us both. I couldn't see any other way."

Mellanby nodded. His face grey and set. "I'll come back later, anyway."

"With the clothes!" Sherston called after him. "And, John—be careful!"

© *Andrew Garve, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: The stranger who could bring disaster

something to help you in your long sorrow."

And he gave her a bottle of Lafferty's best whiskey. Garvey handed her a bag of white flour, Hegarty a box of figs, and Lafferty a smoked ham.

"Thank you. Thank you," said the widow, first surprised, then suspicious. "But 'tis too much kindness all at once, gentlemen. I'm thinking you're after more than just bringing charity."

"Well," said O'Toole. "As a matter of fact, we are. For a long time, the boys here and myself have been thinking we'd like to have a little bit of a farm up on the cliffs here. 'Tis all of us spend our days at work inside four walls and are denied the benison of God's good fresh air. We thought to have a little place where we could farm and get the exercise at the weekends and your holding seemed just the place. . . ."

The widow was no fool with money and she sensed that she was on a seller's market. She played them along till they raised the bid to a hundred and ten pounds and then she closed.

As she drove away in the carrier's cart, two days later, bound for her sister in Tralee, the widow looked back at the four new owners who were already digging frantically in the chicken run.

"I didn't believe them, Kathie," she said, "when they told me they wanted the old place for the exercise and fresh air. But it looks as if they were telling the truth, after all. Now, my love, didn't I tell you I'd get the money for the dowry? I knew the Dear in Heaven would look down and take pity on a poor old widow woman. . . ."

But Kathie wasn't listening. She was watching the gulls wheel by, singing softly to herself, and dreaming of Waldo and the fine wedding her mother had proudly promised them in Tralee.

Of course O'Toole and his men never found the treasure. And they never saw the Spaniard again. When they got back down to the Leopard after buying the widow McGraw's place, he had gone.

It seemed as though he'd vanished the same way as my grandmother came to England in 1884. By magic. THE END

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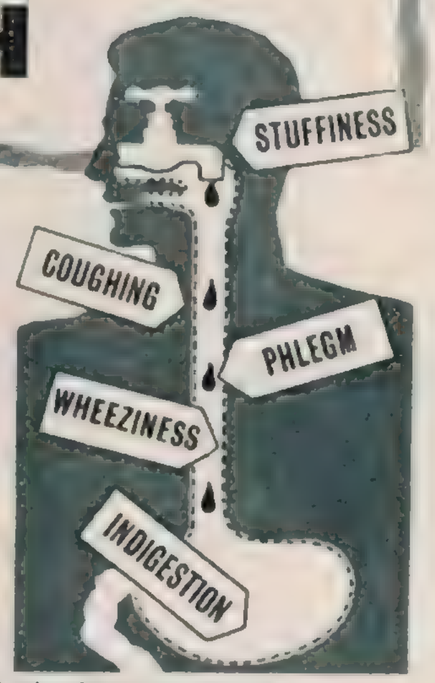

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Miss Hanney's heritage

continued from page 26

that his wife had started the rumour which led to the accusation.

As we reached this point in the story, my mother's eyes almost started out of her pretty head in horror.

"But surely," I began, "that must have been just nonsense. It's not as if Mrs. Hanney were a talkative, silly woman. . . ."

"It was true," interrupted my mother. "I saw it happen."

The incident occurred at the Hanneys' substantial mansion in Albert Road, on a Sunday afternoon in May. There were several young people present—including my father and mother, at that time just engaged—and several older guests.

It was a warm, sunny day. The guests were strolling round the garden and then gradually clustering round the open french windows of the dining-room, where a handsome Yorkshire tea was laid out on the long table.

Thus there was, so to speak, an audience assembled before a stage, ready for the drama about to be played. The maids were just bringing in the great silver teapots, Mrs. Hanney was giving a quick look at the table, and the guests were politely pretending not to be awaiting her summons.

In this moment's pause, one of the older guests, a powerful and wealthy manufacturer, Amos Crowther by name, said casually to his host: "By the way, Arthur, before I forget—you might let me have a note of that share transaction tomorrow, will you?"

"It's not completed yet," said Arthur cheerfully, though colouring a little. "I'll get on to it as soon as the Stock Exchange opens tomorrow."

"A little late, as usual," said Mrs. Hanney clearly.

"Janet!" exclaimed Arthur Hanney, turning crimson.

There was a hush. The younger guests, who had little idea of the significance of what had been said, yet felt that something had happened, for Mr. Hanney was so evidently embarrassed. Some eyebrows were raised. Amos Crowther said nothing, but it was observed that he partook very sparingly of the meal and slipped away unobtrusively soon afterwards.

A long, violent quarrel took place between Arthur Hanney and his wife that night. Mary lay awake in bed, trembling, while it raged below. The rare sentences she heard did not reassure her.

"Do you want to ruin me?" cried her father.

"You are so heedless as to be dishonourable. It is not to be borne, Arthur," came her mother's biting tones.

NEXT morning the whole of Annotsfield knew that Arthur Hanney had omitted to carry out his client's instructions to buy stocks promptly; he had allowed some days to elapse; the price of the stocks had risen meanwhile and Amos had lost five hundred pounds.

The worst of it was that Mrs. Hanney's fatal observation—made so deliberately, with such awareness of its meaning, as everyone who saw the incident agreed—seemed to imply that this sort of thing had happened before. And if it had happened before, said Annotsfield, shaking its head, it would happen again. Perhaps the sky had never been completely cloudless as regards Arthur Hanney's way of doing business? Perhaps he had been a trifle careless on earlier occasions though nothing much had gone amiss?

Whether this were so or not, of course it was said to be so, all over Annotsfield. Some men, timid or merely cautious, took their law business away from Arthur Hanney at once; others, more sober, considered doing so. It was a storm which Arthur Hanney had to weather; a disagreeable ordeal which he had to endure.

Amos Crowther, it was observed, stood by him, and all might have been well if he had had a staunch and loving wife at home.

But this was not the case. Mrs. Hanney could not conceal, perhaps did not try to conceal, her vexation and contempt, and the estrangement between them grew more open every day.

As the months went on, Arthur Hanney began to go downhill. He began to drink heavily, to keep irregular hours, to shout at his wife and daughter, to pursue vulgar pleasures.

"In fact," said my mother, lowering her voice for the horror of it: "There's no doubt, Flo—there were women. You know what I mean."

His practice dwindled; his handsome face began to look dissipated, his person gross.

AT last there came a day when Arthur Hanney, arriving home drunk at midnight, could not manage to insert his latchkey into his own front door. He banged on the door panels, shouted his wife's name, found the bell-pull and hung on it till it broke in his hand, prowled staggeringly round the house, banged and shouted again. The noise was such that even in the discreetly placed houses of Albert Road neighbours became aware of what was going on. But his own house remained dark.

Wakened by the noise, Mary Hanney lay still for a time, expecting that her mother would rise and let her father into the house; but when the moments passed and nothing stirred, the girl rose trembling and threw on a wrap and crept from her room. One of the maids likewise emerged from the attic stairs, looking scared but a little on the giggle.

But at the head of the main staircase stood Mrs. Hanney, a candle in her hand, her eyes brilliant with hate. The maid fled.

"Go back to your room, Mary," said Mrs. Hanney in a quiet but commanding tone. "I will attend to this matter."

Mary hesitated, but obeyed. And her whole life was settled in that moment, for Mrs. Hanney did not admit her husband.

Arthur Hanney was found lying in the back porch of the house, stertorously asleep, by the milkman next morning. He was now capable of using his latchkey and admitting himself to the house. He entered, his usually florid face leaden, deeply lined; he washed and dressed and shaved in silence. During these processes he inevitably encountered his wife and daughter once or twice. He looked through Mary with weary contempt, as if she were some rather unpleasant article of domestic furniture, and he met his wife's scornful gaze with a stare of sombre defiance.

The maids, their eyes discreetly down, brought the family breakfast; Mrs. Hanney served it with icy competence. After swallowing a cup of tea Arthur Hanney rose from the table and went out into the hall. Mrs. Hanney, as was her custom, went out after him, and with a mockery of wifeliness helped him on with his coat, while Mary, suffering for them both, watched timidly from the dining-room door.

Arthur Hanney opened the front door, then stood looking at his wife and

PATIENCE—3

Patience is the art of hoping.

Vauvenargues

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES **Festival at Kilmuck** by **BRIAN CLEEVE**

"I realize it's a long time since I bought him, but I've only just found out he's the wrong size"

daughter. Perhaps a friendly word would have effected a reconciliation even then; who knows?

"Goodbye, Janet," said Arthur Hanney.

Mrs. Hanney said nothing. She did, however, slightly push forward Mary, but Arthur Hanney's lined forehead contracted in a frown. The door closed and he was gone.

Two hours later Arthur Hanney's head clerk came to the house. This rather acidly respectable elderly man had a sharp tongue and he spoke to the point.

"Mr. Hanney declines to live with you any longer," he said. "However, he wishes to do what is right by you. . . ."

At this Mrs. Hanney's clear cheek turned livid with rage.

"So a small house is ready for you in Resmond Street, number nine. The rent will be paid each quarter as long as neither you nor Miss Mary attempts to communicate in any way with Mr. Hanney. The small income you draw under your father's will should suffice for your simple wants. If you are dissatisfied with these arrangements, you are at liberty, of course, to have resort to the law. But in that case the rent of the house will not be paid."

"This conduct is contemptible," exclaimed Mrs. Hanney.

"A furniture van will be here at three o'clock this afternoon," continued the clerk. "You can take enough furniture from this house to furnish number nine. I shall be present to supervise the operation."

"And if I do not accept these outrageous conditions?"

"Then there will have to be a legal separation. Mr. Hanney intends to sell this house and its furnishings in any case," said the clerk. "The date for the auction is already fixed."

"Tell Mr. Hanney," said his wife, drawing herself up, "that I accept with pleasure—it will be a comfort to me never to have anything to do with him again."

"So that was how it was, you see," concluded my mother. "I shall never forget poor Mary's face when she came running into our house that morning. How she cried. She put her head down on my shoulder and sobbed it all out to me—women and everything.

"I went back to Albert Road with her and helped her to choose out the furniture. Mary had it all to do—Mrs. Hanney just sat in the middle of the sofa in the drawing-room, looking like a tragedy queen. White as a sheet, and trembling with rage."

"She could legally have claimed much more from her husband," I said.

"Yes. But she wouldn't, you see. She was too proud. They went to the little Resmond Street house—it was the one the Hanneys occupied when they first came to Annotsfield—and lived in genteel poverty for the rest of Mr. Hanney's life.

"Arthur Hanney quite pulled himself together, reformed, you might say, after the separation. There was a good deal of sympathy for him among the men of the town, you know; they felt that Mrs. Hanney had not been a true wife to him. Locking her husband out of his own house—it was a dreadful thing for a wife to do.

"They rallied round him, and he gave up drinking and stood for the town council, and got his practice back and ended up rich. As people said, he might have been like that all the time, if his wife had shown herself kinder to him. Yes, Arthur Hanney prospered."

There was a pause, then my mother went on: "Mrs. Hanney was always a little strange after they parted—her head nodded a little, you know. And those great burning eyes! But I can't say she seemed unhappy. She had a kind of satisfied, almost triumphant look.

"Mary wasn't really unhappy, either. She thought her mother was a kind of martyr, a noble victim, you know, and she was proud to be on her side. Your father used to look after their affairs, their little income and so on, but really it was so small we often thought they hadn't enough to eat. Nowadays, of course, Mary would go out and work, but in those days there wasn't any work for such a girl to do. And then her mother was ill for several years and needed careful nursing.

"All the same, I think at the bottom of her heart Mary was fond of her father. He was rather a jolly sort of man, you know; children always liked him. To find that he hated her enough to disinherit her was a terrible shock to poor Mary."

"He hated her because she took her mother's side, I suppose."

"I suppose so," said my mother doubtfully. "Well, that's how it was. You wanted to know."

I felt, however, that my knowledge was still imperfect. My mother's narrative had merely substituted one

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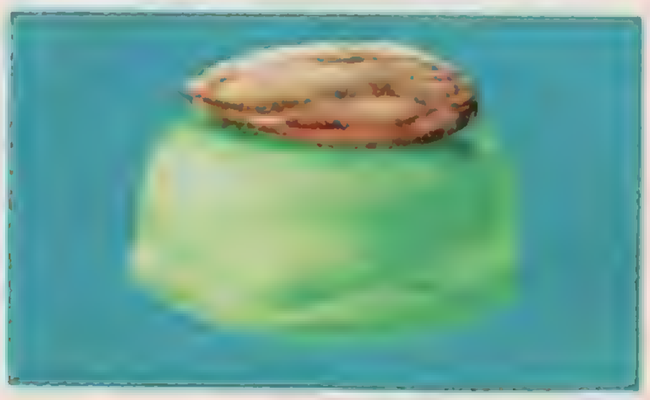

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NOUGAT FUDGE SANDWICH
Nougat, nuts and cherries between layers of creamy fudge.

MADE BY Mackintosh's

Miss Hanney's heritage

continued from page 39

mystery for another. I understood now why Arthur Hanney had hated his wife. But why had she hated him so passionately? For to have so betrayed him she must have hated him with all the strength of her proud heart.

It was years later when the answer to this question was at length furnished. In the press of my own family life, I am ashamed to say I forgot Miss Hanney. My visits to her ceased after the one I paid her to tell her of my mother's death—she had not appeared to understand me and I had so little time to spare that I postponed further visits and gradually allowed her to slip out of remembrance.

But one day my eldest brother told me that Miss Hanney was dead. The settlement of her little affairs had fallen to him, for her will, dated a quarter of a century ago, made my brother's firm of lawyers her executors, and my mother and her heirs her legatees.

I was ashamed of my neglect of the poor old woman, and said so; and this led me to tell my brother the story of Mr. and Mrs. Hanney and their mutual hate.

A FEW weeks later he came to me wearing a wry smile: "Rather a sad thing has turned up about poor old Mary Hanney," he said. "Take a look at these."

He held out a couple of documents which I recognized as birth and marriage certificates.

"Copies, of course," said he. "I had quite a job to find out where the marriage took place, but Hanney had some East Riding property, mentioned in his will, which gave me the clue."

The birth certificate showed nothing, I thought, of special interest. Mary, a girl, had been born to Arthur Hanney, solicitor, and Janet Hanney, formerly Angram, of Resmond Street, in the Borough of Annotsfield, on May 12, 1870.

I turned to the marriage licence. Arthur Hanney, a bachelor, lawyer's clerk, of an East Riding market town, of full age, father deceased, had married Janet Angram, spinster, of full age, no occupation, daughter of an East Riding farmer, on April 9, 1870.

"I don't suppose old Miss Hanney knew of it," said my brother comfortingly.

I gazed at him, perplexed, then suddenly saw the terrible significance of the dates. For it would be terrible to the good and honourable Janet Angram. Arthur Hanney, visiting her father's farm on some legal business—purchase or sale of land, no doubt—had seduced her, and kept her waiting till within a month of her child's birth before marrying her.

What shame, what anguish, and yes, what bitter hatred for the man who had brought her to such a pass must have filled Janet's proud young heart. A hatred, an anger, a resentment, a loathing for his careless, good-humoured, offhand ways, which grew, suppressed, through the years till it exploded with terrible force in his betrayal.

A little late—how well I understood that utterance now. *He wishes to do what is right by you*—in the circumstances no phrase could have brought more bitter memories, been more insulting.

Again, Mrs. Hanney's banishment to Resmond Street must have been doubly painful because it continually reminded her of the reason which had first brought her there—for no doubt the Hanneys had left their native environment and come to Annotsfield to conceal the irregularity of Mary's birth.

I saw, too, how to Arthur Hanney poor Mary, plain and dull and disapproving, might have come to mean only the unwanted cause of a regretted marriage.

For whatever crimes Arthur and Janet Hanney committed against each other, they had each exacted and received severe penalties. But as often happens in real life—though not in Miss Hanney's moral stories—the fullest weight of punishment, the severest sufferings, had fallen upon the guiltless.

It was their innocent daughter who had borne the heaviest burden of the Hanney wedlock. THE END

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Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

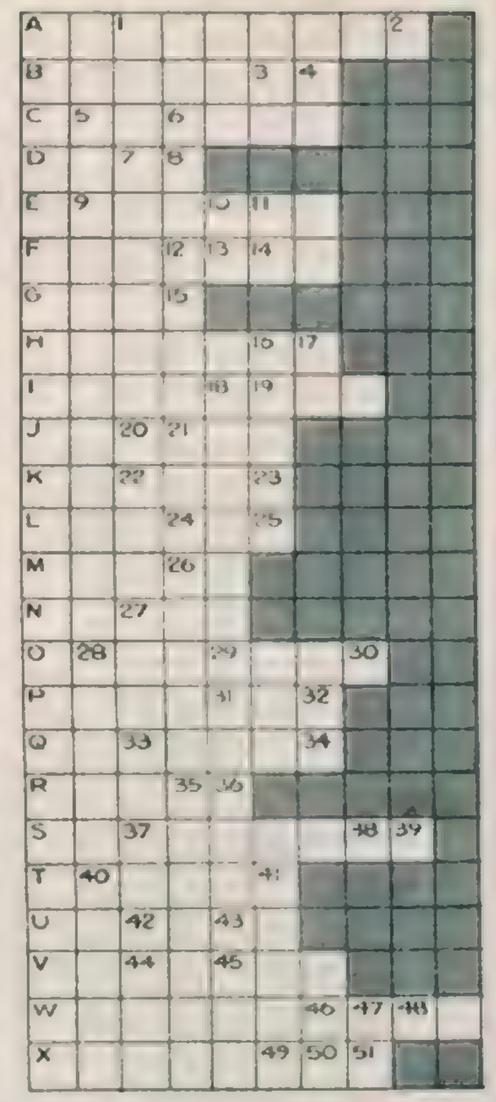
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

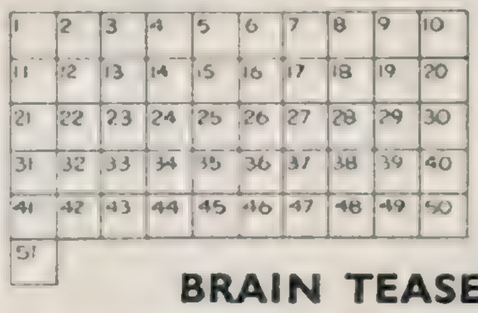
CLUE DOWN

A. This position sounds like a parson who has lost his brief case (8, 7, 9).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Woman who governs the family.
B. One who rejects Christianity
C. Whale with projecting tusk.
D. Egyptian goddess, wife to Osiris.
E. His feast is on December 26.
F. Capricious fit of ill temper.
G. German river on which Dresden stands.
H. Mass for repose of a soul.
I. Merrythought.
J. Violet-blue dye obtained from a plant.
K. Flat portion above cheekbone.
L. Large kind of wasp.
M. Edible bulb of the lily family.
N. Not able.
O. To show a distant object by electrical transmission.
P. Saddle-horse for a lady.
Q. Large, fleet bird with valuable plumage.
R. Substance obtained by distillation of turpentine.
S. Nocturnal insect, scarlet and brown streaked with white (5, 4).
T. Pipe inserted in barrel to draw liquid.
U. Bivalve shellfish, a delicacy.
V. Word-book or dictionary.
W. An everlasting flower.
X. A salve to apply on a wound.





BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

The manager of a casino wanted to order some dice, each with a different colour on each face, but only six colours were available.

Each dice therefore had the same set of colours, the difference between the dice being that each number was on a different colour.

The dice did, of course, conform to the usual method of numbering.

How many different dice was he able to order?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 42 FOR THE ANSWERS

The happy princess who lived with tragedy

continued from page 11

of the army and in three weeks thrashed the Turks in two great battles. King George I made a triumphal entry into the city of Salonika on horseback through streets packed with people, cheering and singing, and lined with troops. It was the supreme moment of his life.

But soon after came the first fearful blow of tragedy. King George decided to stay for some considerable time at Salonika to rule there on the principle of "what I have, I hold."

The Crown Prince had just won another victory at Janina. Princess Marina's father was military governor of Salonika. She was at home with her sisters and mother.

The King, her adored grandfather ("Apapa," she called him), had lunch on the fatal day of March 13, 1913, with Prince Nicholas. He talked happily about the latest victory.

Then the King went out for his daily walk with his A.D.C. He never permitted an armed guard to accompany him.

Ahead, a low stone wall topped by iron railings bordered the road. A man was sitting there. He did not rise as the King approached.

Just before they reached the sitting man, the King and his A.D.C. turned smartly about and started to return to the city. The waiting man rose from his seat, pulled out a revolver and shot the King in the back.

The bullet went clean through his heart. He fell without a word.

The A.D.C. whipped round, jumped on the assassin, knocked the gun out of his hand and handed the murderer over to the police, who came running at top speed. A four-wheeled horse-cab pulled up by the roadside. They lifted the tall soldierly king into the cab and drove him to hospital.

He was already dead.

Prince Nicholas was in his garden. The first he knew was when a soldier rushed into the garden without warning and stammered: "They have struck the King. They have taken him to the hospital."

Prince Nicholas, stunned, had the quick mind to announce to the city that the assassin was a Greek, although he feared that he was a Bulgarian. The town was full of Bulgarian troops; Bulgars and Greeks loathed each other.

The mad assassin

Had the rumour run riot that the murderer was a Bulgarian, instant fighting would have broken out between the two armed forces. And "Foxy Ferdinand," the King of Bulgaria, would have seized that excuse to declare war on Greece herself.

It turned out that the King's assassin was a madman, a Macedonian, a man with a diseased mind, representing no party and no faction.

They took the dead King from Salonika to Athens in the royal yacht. The streets were lined with troops, their arms reversed. Dense crowds of men, women and children sobbed and wailed. At home in the white, sunny house in Athens, Princess Olga asked piteously, again and again: "Where is Apapa? Why don't you take me to see my dear Apapa?"

Each Sunday, the three little princesses had been taken to visit their grandparents when they were in Athens. Even while "Apapa" was away they constantly heard from him or of him. So they told the little girl "Apapa" had been taken from her.

She threw herself on the floor and sobbed bitterly. It was the first cold meeting with death—the first shuddering blow that her family and the children were to suffer in the years to come, for the lights of civilization, the old and gracious civilization, were flickering to a close. Europe trembled on the edge of anarchy.

King Constantine, Princess Marina's "Uncle Tino," succeeded to the throne and was the hero of his people. However, the Prime Minister, Eleutherios Venizelos, a brilliant, ambitious, untrustworthy man, saw himself as the arbiter of the kingdom. All power, he considered, should lie in his hands. Since there had to be a king, let him be a puppet, a figurehead.

King Tino was a constitutional king. He did not interfere in politics or sway them. But when he found Venizelos trying to swing Greece into another war he refused to be a party to it.

They quarrelled, and this supreme test of strength came to a head when the 1914 war burst on Europe in a tide of blood. France and Russia demanded that Greece should come in on the side of the Allies. Venizelos plunged for war. King Tino stood firm. He was a Greek first—a king—and he knew that his kingdom, weakened by wars, could not afford another one. So a campaign of slander began, a campaign which blackened the lives of Princess Marina's parents, losing them their home and fortune and driving them with the children into poverty, obscurity and humiliation.

King Tino, said the slanderers, was pro-German. Had he not married the Kaiser's sister? Had he not sent his son, the Crown Prince, years before to receive his army training with the Prussian Guards?

The truth was that Queen Sophie disliked her arrogant, theatrical, imperial brother intensely.

Hotbed of slander

The fact that the Crown Prince had served with the Prussian Guards was not to his discredit—the German Army was then the military model for the world. Equally, if the son of a foreign king wished to become a sailor, the British Navy was the school for him.

But here was a perfect hotbed of slander and propaganda. Venizelos seized the opportunity it gave him.

Princess Marina, who by then was seven years old, went with her sisters to stay with her maternal grandparents, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia.

Tsarskoye Selo, one of the loveliest palaces in Europe, stood near the sea on the Gulf of Cronstadt a little way from St. Petersburg. The walls of one room were of solid amber. Inset, in panels, were priceless plates of old Chinese porcelain, presented long

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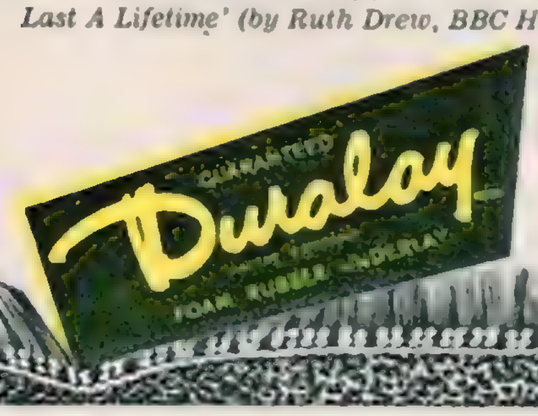

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..... JB5

continued from previous page

before to Catherine the Great by the Emperor of China. Their value was beyond reckoning.

Another room, walled in *lapis lazuli*, gleamed with the deep blue of Mediterranean skies. The vast banqueting hall, two storeys high, was in blue and silver, lit by thousands of candles. At night, during a state banquet, it was a place of breathtaking beauty. Three thousand guests could sit down to dine. The tables glittered with gold plate.

The doorway on these state occasions was sentinelled by the Abyssinian Guard in scarlet turbans and wide trousers, with shining scimitars. They had been presented to the Czar by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia—the final touch of pure Arabian Nights fantasy.

This, then, was the fairy-tale world to which Princess Marina and her two sisters went with their parents in the summer of 1914. They left the comparative simplicity of their home in Athens for the most splendid and extravagant court in Europe.

It was a great adventure. The children sailed in the royal yacht from Athens to Sebastopol on the Black Sea, passing through the Dardanelles. The Imperial train waited for them. Court officials in brilliant uniforms bowed Prince and Princess Nicholas and the children aboard.

Their saloons were upholstered in silks and damasks. Their feet sank into thick carpets. In the sleeping compartments were real beds with sheets of fine linen and silken eiderdowns.

But the train travelled at twenty

PATIENCE—4

Adopt the pace of nature; her secret is patience.

R. W. Emerson

miles an hour. That was the limit of speed for all Imperial trains.

So for days the three little girls travelled from the far south of Russia through the vineyards and wheatfields to the endless plains, the forests, cold mountains and bleak steppes of the interior.

On arrival in Sebastopol, Princess Marina found that her grandparents kept their own separate court. The princess played in splendid rooms surrounded by magnificence in a palace which at night, when chandeliers blazed with a thousand lights, looked unreal, unearthly. She was not overawed. It was simply "Grandpapa's home."

Sinister monk

She and her two sisters were given a suite of rooms with their governess, "dear Foxy," to keep a guardian eye on them. There they played with their Russian cousins, the son and daughters of the Czar, the little Czarevitch Alexis and the two small Grand Duchesses, Anastasia and Marie.

During those first visits to Russia, Princess Marina's small cousins often saw one of the most sinister figures in modern history—a tall monk with a goatee beard and enormous, magnetic eyes. At the sight of this shambling creature the little Grand Duchesses would cease playing and kneel devoutly. The monk blessed them and passed on.

He was Rasputin, the monk. Next to the Czar he was the most powerful man in all Russia.

This macabre creature dominated the lives of Princess Marina's grandparents and clouded her hours of play with her small cousins. Luckily she knew nothing of the monk's appalling power for evil; she was too young.

When Princess Marina saw her beautiful grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, in her court dress with its long train, wearing on her head the *kokoschnik*—the traditional head-dress of the Imperial Court, glowing with enormous sapphires—she clapped her hands delightedly and said: "May I put it on?"

The Grand Duchess, laughing, took the *kokoschnik* from her head and placed it on Princess Marina's. The child, bubbling with delight, studied herself in a long looking-glass.

"Can't I have one, too?" she asked.

"Of course you will, when you're grown up."

Within four years, nevertheless, the Grand Duchess was a hunted exile, and Princess Marina a child in exile, too, but with a royal coronet of England awaiting her in the future.

That enchanted summer, spent playing among the flowerbeds, the rolling lawns and stately trees of the park surrounding Tsarskoye Selo, was the last time she saw Russia. One bright morning the children, with their parents looking strained and worried, were taken from the palace to the train. They drove to St. Petersburg, where columns of soldiers marched behind the blaring bands. Flags fluttered from every building and flagpole. Everywhere were the marching men, the prancing horses, the pennoned lances, the rumbling cannon, the endless tramp, tramp, tramp of feet.

Czar mobilises

The children were put on the train in the capable English hands of Miss Fox. This time their quarters were hot, crowded and stuffy. Time and again on the slow journey southwards the train was shunted into sidings while troop trains thundered past.

The Czar of All the Russias was summoning his armies.

The crossing through Serbia was, as Prince Nicholas records, far from pleasant. "The heat was unbearable. We had no water and the children cried, until at a railway station we were able to purchase a water melon with which to quench their thirst."

Baroness Von-Der Hoven tells of the one amusing episode on that journey. She says:

"When they reached the frontier between Serbia and Bulgaria it was discovered that their luggage had gone astray. Those who were responsible for it rushed about distractedly, trying to locate the missing servants, who had been lost together with the things, but the three little princesses thoroughly enjoyed themselves when bedtime came and grown-up nighties were produced for them by some obliging strangers.

"Those garments were not exactly of the Paris model type, and raised peals of laughter when one of the three sisters simply disappeared in its voluminous folds or tripped over its trailing hem.

"Princess Marina picked up her 'outsize' robes and performed a dance all over the floor to the delight of her sisters and to the exasperation of her elders, who would gladly have had their three little charges settled for the night."

Princess Marina says she remembers "the heat, the flies, the long dreary day and eventually the water melon, which was so good."

Back in Athens life went on very much the same for Princess Marina and

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 41

The only condition in numbering a dice is that the opposite numbers add up to 7. Thus 1 is opposite 6; 2 is opposite 5, and 3 is opposite 4. There were six choices of colour on which to paint 1, and each choice fixed the colour for 6. Thus for each 6 choices of colour for 1 only four choices were left for 2. Each choice of a face colour from these four for 2 fixed the colour for 5, leaving only two choices of colour for 3. Each of these choices decided the colour left for 4. There were therefore a total of 6 × 4 × 2 different arrangements of colours and numbers; i.e., 48 different dice.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: The law is the true embodiment; of everything that's excellent. (W. S. Gilbert, *Iolanthe.*)
Clue Down: Minister without portfolio.
Clues Across: (A) Matriarch; (B) Infidel; (C) Narwhal; (D) Isis; (E) Stephen; (F) Tantrum; (G) Elbe; (H) Requiem; (I) Wishbone; (J) Indigo; (K) Temple; (L) Hornet; (M) Onion; (N) Unfit; (O) Televise; (P) Palfrey; (Q) Ostrich; (R) Resin; (S) Tiger-moth; (T) Faucet; (U) Oyster; (V) Lexicon; (W) Immortelle; (X) Ointment.

"Funny how your egg always breaks — mine's all right"

her sisters. Greece was not yet at war.

Outwardly their child world was the same.

The Princesses played the same games in the garden of the big, square house and had the same lessons: Greek, grammar and arithmetic which she abominated; drawing, literature and history which she loved. In addition, there were picnics in the forest up in the hills at Tatoi.

In spite of the games, the lessons and the family luncheons, Princess Marina realized that in fact things were not as they had been. She was no longer allowed to read the newspapers. Courtiers and servants suddenly broke off conversation when she was within earshot.

King flees fire

The word "war" was too often heard. She wondered what it all meant.

Venizelos, meanwhile, using the arts of propaganda, publicity and a personally controlled press, whipped up popular resentment against the King and Queen. He started the slander that Queen Sophie, at Tatoi, had a secret cable laid which sent news to German submarines—a fantastic lie, but it was enough.

One night when the children were in bed in the little villa at Kifisia they saw out of the bedroom windows a crimson glow in the sky. High above the olive groves the glow rose in flickering malevolence. That way lay their beloved Tatoi—their own special home.

The forest was on fire.

King Constantine and Queen Sophie were in the great house at Tatoi that night. But for the fact that it was ringed by evergreen oaks—which do not burn easily—and a belt of meadowlands and gardens they and their youngest child, Princess Katherine, a babe in arms, would have been burned alive.

Luckily, King Constantine, brought up to know every shepherd's track, farm road and deer run on the place, was able to escape. He was fire fighting at one point when he and his party were almost ringed by flames. He remembered a goat track through the forest which might still be safe. He ran for it, shouting for the others to follow.

Accompanied by his young son Paul —the present King Paul of the Hellenes —and with flames leaping out from either side, they won their race with death only by seconds.

Prince Christopher had a narrow escape, too. Queen Sophie had to run for two miles carrying her baby girl. Behind them the forest was an inferno which claimed sixteen lives. Giant pine trees exploded like cannon and crashed to the ground in a shower of sparks that leapt upwards. Nearly 30,000 acres of forest, hillside, farmland and vineyards were ruined before the fire burned out. Part of the house itself was left, smoking and blackened.

Later, empty petrol cans were found on the forest verge at three different places. The hirelings of Venizelos had done their work.

Then riots broke out in Athens. Many of the rioters were for the King. They and the King's enemies fought in the streets, while snipers fired from the rooftops. And to the simple people of Greece, the vast majority, it was all a tragic puzzle. That was how Princess Marina and her sisters saw it, too.

"Why are they fighting?" she asked her nanny.

"Some of them are fighting for the King and some against him." Miss Fox replied.

"But why? Why?" the child demanded. "They all love Uncle Tino so much. Why have they changed like this?"

That was more than even the level brain of the wise "Foxy" could explain.

The end came. The Allies had control of the Greek Navy. Venizelos had the bit between his teeth. Greece was drummed into war whether she wanted it or not.

'I am going away . . .'

Guns boomed from the ships out in the Piraeus. Shells whined over the square white house where the bougainvillaeas and the oleanders spilled their beauty. One fell by the palace itself. The children crouched, fearful, in the cellars.

King Constantine bowed to inevitable forces. The Allies and Venizelos demanded his abdication. He refused. But he agreed to leave Greece.

"I am going away for a little while," he announced simply.

The soldier who had won two wars was not going to plunge his country into civil strife, nor would he abdicate to please the man who had come to his father long ago with a cunning smile, cracked boots and a borrowed frock coat, from no one quite knew where.

The King's departure from Athens was one of the most dramatic and pathetic episodes in modern history. With his country blockaded by Allied ships, Greece's railways, telegraphs and post offices under Allied control

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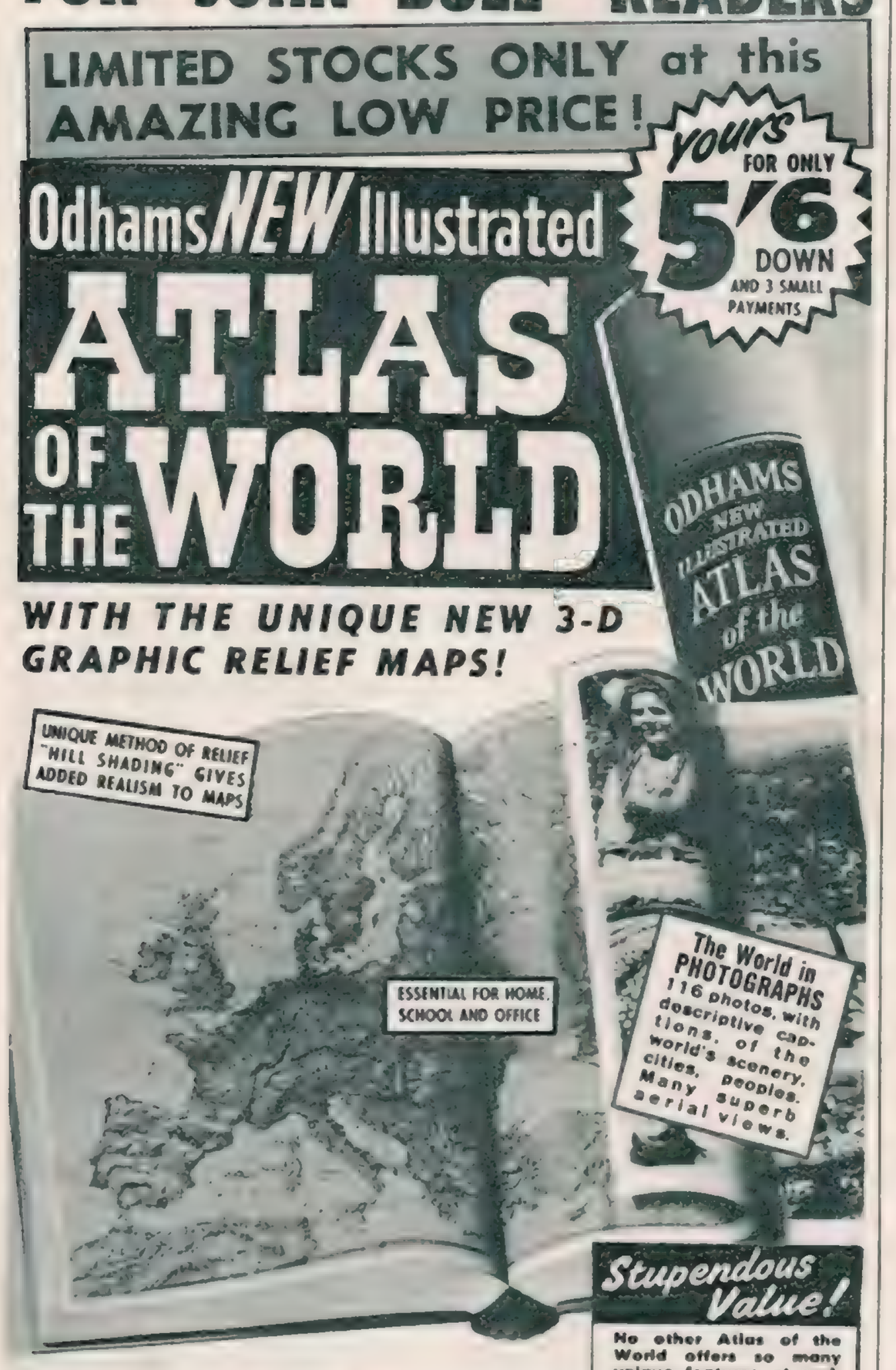
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continued from previous page

and censorship, and with the Franco-British secret police operating throughout the country, he was in the abyss of humiliation.

The Venizelists even put it about that he plotted to attack the Allied Forces under General Sarrail in the rear.

Lord Kitchener visited Athens and had a long discussion with the King. The latter recorded in his diary: "It was a pleasure talking to him and having that comfortable feeling that whatever one said would be given its real meaning and not twisted about and misconstrued as it so often happens when I talk to diplomats.

"The very first thing I asked him was if he really believed that I was capable of stabbing General Sarrail's army in the back; he laughed outright and said that he had never believed such nonsense, which could only be credited by nervous newspaper correspondents who tried to justify the inactivity of the expeditionary forces."

Kitchener himself recorded in his terse way that he could talk to King Constantine as one soldier to another with perfect freedom and understanding. He, above all men, loathed politicians.

Sir Thomas Cunninghame, British Military Attaché at Salonika, said at the time: "The Greek Army saves, and secures, the flanks and the rear of the Allies."

The Palace mobbed

In spite of these vindications of the King, the Allied Powers, egged on by Venizelos, whom Lloyd George trusted implicitly, sent a special High Commissioner to Greece, Monsieur Jonnart, a smug bourgeois Frenchman with a square head and hair *en brosse*, to demand the King's abdication. Jonnart added the threat that if His Majesty did not go Athens would be bombarded.

The King decided to go, but did not abdicate. He appointed his younger son, Alexander, to reign in his place.

Prince Nicholas wrote in his diary: "As soon as the Powers' ultimatum and its acceptance by the King became known, confirming their worst suspicions, the people came hurrying to the palace from every direction.

"Alarm and dismay were written on every face, and they finally decided to prevent the King from going away. All the church bells began to toll mournfully and the whole town was plunged in despair.

"The Palace was surrounded and the King's bodyguard received orders to close the gates and allow no one in."

It amounted to this: the King was besieged in his own palace by his own people—not in anger but in sorrow. Not to force him from the throne but to keep him on it.

Prince Christopher, Princess Marina's uncle, records his impressions of that pathetic episode thus: "As the hours passed our plight became dangerous for the lamentations turned to hysteria and there were cries of: 'It would be better to kill the King than let him leave Greece'; cries isolated at first but after a while caught up and echoed by hundreds. Finally a ruse was decided upon.'

The rumour was started that the King would leave by a back gate. The crowd rushed round. Then Prince Christopher and the others hurried the King and Queen Sophie, who was ill, out by another gate.

The Prince wrote: "We could hear the wooden railings cracking and a general stampede back to the front of the palace, but by that time the King, Queen Sophie and their children had hurled themselves unceremoniously into the cars. The Crown Prince drove off lying on the floor of one with his legs waving wildly out of the open door.

A stunned silence fell over the crowd. Then the sky darkened suddenly and heavy rain began to fall. This was so rare in a Greek summer that the crowd, superstitious at any time, said it was a bad omen. Several tried to commit suicide on the spot.

The royal family reached Tatoi that night. Next day they were besieged by hundreds of weeping subjects.

The King and Queen and their children drove from Tatoi to the little waterside village of Oropus on the Gulf of Euboea. The village and beach were packed, the little pier strewn with flowers.

Princess Marina's father wrote: "The crush became even greater when we advanced along the pier—the nearer the King and Queen drew to the boat the fiercer grew the frenzy of the people who tried to keep him back by force. Many leaped into the sea and held fast to the boat. It was a heartrending picture."

Prince Alexander, the ex-king's younger son, ascended the throne—a lonely, sad young man, a mere puppet, forbidden even to speak to his uncles and cousins. The prisons were filled within a few days with his father's friends. Soon after, Prince Nicholas and his entire family, including Princess Marina, were ordered to leave Greece. Young King Alexander was left alone on a mockery of a throne.

It was Princess Marina's first taste of exile; the first bitter upheaval of her family and home. Her family took her to St. Moritz, where they lived in a flat with little money. Their Greek servants followed them into exile, and

HAVE YOU AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

See page 29

The temptation to cheat by giving what look like the right answers so as to attain a big score to the questions on page 29 won't help this time, for you have been tested on your modesty about some moderate qualities and your natural pride in some talents. Score as follows:

1. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
2. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
3. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
4. (a) 10. (b) 5. (c) 0.
5. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
6. (a) 0. (b) 10. (c) 5.
7. (a) 10. (b) 0.
8. (a) 5. (b) 0. (c) 10.
9. (a) 5. (b) 10. (c) 0.
10. (a) 10. (b) 10. (c) 5. (d) 0.

The few who have scored 80-100 must be supermen or superwomen—at least in their own opinion. Suspicion about being inferior has goaded them on to wrest worldly success from life, possibly at the expense of personal happiness. The ordinary person, with faults and qualities mixed in the manner which makes a normal human being but with no erroneous sense of inferiority, will score 60-75. 55 or fewer are marks of modest self-opinion, worthy and highly regarded by others, but somewhat restrictive when there is a chance of fame and fortune. But even so, the person with this score is probably more aware of his own abilities and potentialities than some of those around him. He should be glad that he really knows himself.

months went by without any wages being paid. They never complained.

Prince Nicholas and Prince Christopher were forced to live on borrowed money.

"It was an unpleasant test to apply to one's friends, but people were amazingly kind," said Prince Christopher. "Just when we were wondering where in the world the next quarter's rent was coming from someone always stepped into the breach."

Worse, both royal brothers were treated as spies and dangerous characters.

Secret police dogged them. Their conversations were listened to and reported on. Special agents were instructed to spy on them. Their names were on the black list of the Allied legations.

'Foxy' accused

The worst blow of all came to Princess Marina when her adored governess, that devoted Englishwoman with the gold pince-nez, the piled-up hair-do, the high lace collar and the heart of abounding kindness, was sent for one day by the British Consulate.

There she was cross-questioned. She was asked to repeat the private conversations of Prince Nicholas and his family and told that she would get into trouble if she continued to serve "the traitors of England."

"Foxy" stoutly denied that Prince Nicholas and his family were traitors. She declared that they were merely victims of the Venizelists' campaign of slander.

On being told that unless she gave in her notice she would lose her passport, she went straight back to Prince Nicholas, burst into tears and confided in him what had happened.

He replied that she would have to go as he did not wish her to get into further trouble on his account.

It was a bitter moment in the nursery when "Foxy" came to tell Princess Marina and her two sisters that she was leaving them. There were tears. But "Foxy" declared: "I shall come back to you, my dears."

And she did.

Meanwhile, in Russia, Princess Marina's great-grandmother, the Dowager Queen Olga of Greece, had a dramatic escape from death at the hands of the Communists. A Red mob stormed the palace and sacked it. Queen Olga was lucky to escape with her life.

She was even luckier to escape with her jewels. Her lady-in-waiting, Miss Baltazzi, organized a highly ingenious piece of smuggling. She arranged for a Greek student to call with a package of books in a rough wooden box. As he entered the house a Red sentry challenged him, examined the box, and seeing that it contained only books, kicked it contemptuously and told him to go in.

An hour later the student came out again with the same rough wooden box under his arm. This time it was packed with jewels — diamonds, rubies, sapphires, ropes of pearls and one magnificent set of emeralds.

The sentry glanced at the shabby student with his box and said, contemptuously: "Pass, comrade."

Raided by Reds

The jewels were taken straight to the Danish Legation and sent to Copenhagen. Without them the Dowager Queen of Greece would have been penniless.

Far worse happened to Princess Marina's maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir. The house in which she lived was raided twenty-two times by Communists. Twice she fled into the mountains. Finally, the White Russian commander put her and other refugees in a train for Novorossiysk, on the Black Sea.

The Grand Duchess, racked with illness, spent seven weeks on that train, living mainly on black bread and soup. Eventually she arrived in Paris with only the clothes she wore.

Here entered that unknown, unhonoured hero of the Russian revolution, the late Bertie Stopford, the typical charming, devil-may-care, mildly elegant type of well-bred Englishman who, down the centuries, has quite casually made history. When he found that the Grand Duchess was utterly destitute, he calmly announced that he would go to Petrograd and collect her jewels.

Somehow, by an epic of daring, the whole of which has never been told fully, he got into her palace in Petrograd disguised as a workman.

He opened the safe with the help of a devoted servant, wrapped the jewels in bits of newspaper and stuffed them into two old gladstone bags. Then he shuffled out of the palace in his grimy working clothes and went to the British Embassy.

Thence he smuggled the jewels through to London. . . .

Many of Princess Marina's relatives were not so lucky. Her aunt, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was murdered. The Czar, the Czarina, the little Grand Duchesses and the Czarevitch, a weak and sickly boy, were imprisoned in the cellar of a small house at Ekaterinburg. On the night of July 16, 1918, their guard, Yankel Yourovski, threw open the cellar door. He stamped in with a squad of soldiers.

"Stand up!" he shouted.

The Czar, his wife and family stumbled to their feet. The Czar, sensing what was to come, braced himself and looked them in the face. The children clung to him. They stood for an instant.

Then the rifles crashed out.

The Czar of All the Russias, cousin of King George V of England, his wife, little girls—one of whom had been frequently mentioned as a possible wife for the Prince of Wales—and the pathetic son sagged to the ground in a welter of blood.

While Russia was racked by murder, torture, rape and robbery, and Greece was in the hands of Venizelos, Princess Marina and her family faced exile and near-poverty in Switzerland.

Her father could have lived on borrowed money for quite a time. Instead, he took a little studio in the town, put a card on the door, "Nicholas le Prince," and made up his mind to earn his living as an artist without using the social lever of his rank and title.

Meanwhile, although he did not know it, the jewels which Bertie Stopford had smuggled out of Russia were shortly to become the property of his wife, Princess Nicholas. Her mother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, worn out by her appalling sufferings in Russia, died at Contrexéville, and her jewellery passed to her daughter.

The painter prince

Even when this fortune in stones arrived, Prince Nicholas still went on with his paintings, determined to live by the art he loved. He held an exhibition of his pictures at Montreux, carefully concealing his identity. They were hailed instantly as the work of an unknown but brilliant artist. He sold the lot at good prices. Not one buyer knew his identity.

After that his painting became a regular source of income, and his constant disciple in the studio was Marina.

Her uncle, Prince Christopher, says that she was "clever and artistic like her father." He recalls that one day while Marina sat by the window "drawing as usual" the family was solemnly discussing the upheaval caused by the fact that her eldest sister, Olga, had suddenly broken off her engagement to the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark.

The rest of the family had completely forgotten the eleven-year-old at her sketching-board when suddenly she said, with childish clarity: "Why on earth should Olga marry him if she doesn't love him? I wouldn't!"

Her mother smiled: "Out of the mouths of babes. . . ."

Later, Olga met Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. They fell in love at first sight. Their marriage has been ideally happy ever since.

As she grew older, Princess Marina studied art seriously in Paris. She went about the city unaccompanied, like any other girl. She travelled on buses and on the Metro. In spite of her father's income from painting there

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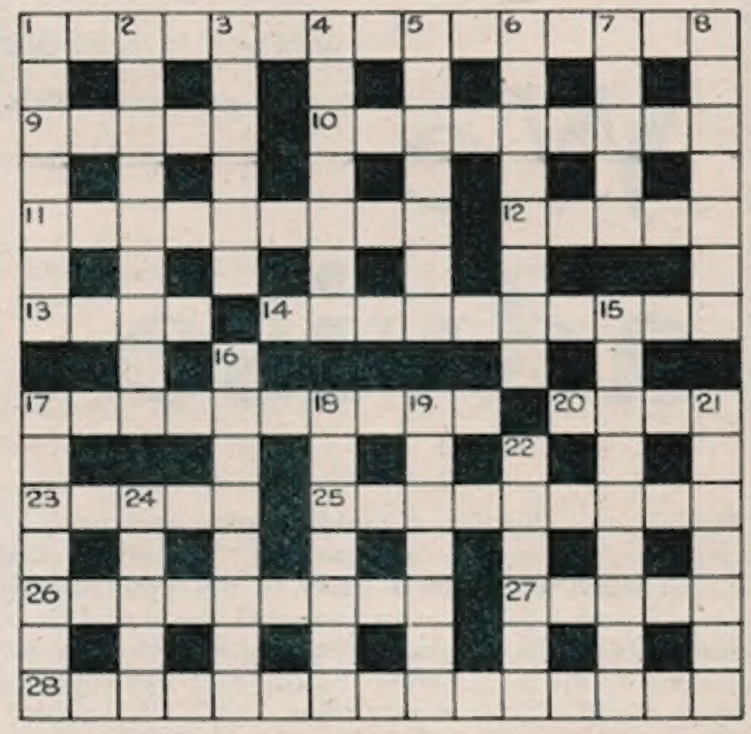

ACROSS

1. Provided, no doubt, by a galaxy of star turns. (8, 7)
9. S. American labourers. (There's one, oddly, in the postscript.) (5)
10. Fair enough, as the actors' spokesman might say. (9)
11. He hails from South of the Border. (9)
12. Roared its head off. (5)
13. Turning a garment is a handicap in Yorkshire. (4)
14. Unlucky as a seedy feature player? (3-7)
17. What's cooking? This'll tell you. (4, 2, 4)
20. Four alternatively name him. (4)
23, 25. Sprint after the personality girl? (4, 1, 4, 3, 2)
26. A tailor-made description. (9)
27. A falsehood, up to a point, is foreign to us. (5)
28. Expect to be kept waiting if you do this. (5, 10)

DOWN

1. Deadlock—or I'm old-fashioned. (7)
2. Resting-place twelve inches high? (9)
3. Briefly, the saint's in need. (6)
4. Famous thoroughfare taking in everyone, it seems. (3, 4)
5. Guarantees luncheon tickets? (7)
6. To put little Albert on a diet makes sense. (8)
7. Hinder by embargo. (No go.) (5)
8. Gave up fruit, say. (7)
15. Backward movement, as described by the sapper. (9)
16. Drowsy with sleep and twisted extremities. (8)
17. Like Clio, for example, in bed. (7)
18. He has a notion to take a theologian in hand. (7)
19. Show determination to do crosswords again? (7)
21. The following train. (7)
22. R.A.F. raid: leader missing, it's feared. (6)
24. Gospel to the Mohammedan. (5)

Starke's Guide To Winter Warmth

"Special care should be taken to provide adequate heating during the winter months in premises where there is much glass. Conservatories, studios, etc., are in this category"

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

I MADE an offer for a building plot and paid a ten per cent deposit. The receipt was marked "subject to contract." I was told that there would be a delay in obtaining the deeds from the vendors' London solicitors and so went ahead and cleared the site for building. Now the vendors refuse to sell, because they say I took possession of the land before the contract was completed. Can they do this?—J. H. C., Stamford, Lincs.

● As your offer to buy the land was accepted subject to contract, this is only a conditional acceptance, and the vendors can legitimately withdraw from the deal.

If they had actually permitted you to work on the site, this may have amounted to what is termed part performance, and in such a case a contract could be implied.

MAKES NO ODDS

THE cottage in which I live had originally two plaster walls and two board walls. Recently I have had all the walls plastered. Do I require to have the deeds altered as a result of this change?—G. R. C., Hempstead, nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

● These structural alterations do not affect the deeds in any way and no change in them is necessary.

FOUND ON THE FLOOR

RECENTLY I found a pound note on the floor of a large store. I handed it to the manager, who did not take my name and address. Can I claim the pound back if nobody else does?—Mrs. B. C., Bolton, Lancs.

● You acted properly in handing over the note to the manager, as the person who lost it might reasonably be expected to return to the shop to look for it.

There is no reason at all why you should not ask for the note back if nobody else claims it.

WHEN DOGGIE DASHED

MY husband and I left our dog indoors, but a friend decided to take it out for a walk. They met us and the dog broke away from its lead and dashed across the road to us. A car hit the dog, which was injured. However, I have now received a bill from the car owner's insurance company for £20 damages to the car. Must I pay this?—Mrs. W. B., Coltishall, nr. Norwich.

● In the circumstances, the fact that the dog broke away was a pure accident. Unless the accident was caused through the negligence of the party who was in charge of the dog, the insurance company could not succeed in its claim. Don't pay, unless your solicitors advise you to do so.

WHO SHOULD PAY?

LIVING in an upstairs flat of a tenanted house, I recently decorated the staircases and passages. I always understood that the landlord had to pay for this kind of work, but when I confronted him he said it was my liability. Who should pay?—J. B., Sunderland.

● Unless the landlord has retained control of your staircase and passages as a condition of your tenancy, he has no liability for the decorations.

In any case, as you have done the decorating on your own responsibility, you cannot hold the landlord liable for any cost.

INVITATION ONLY

WHETHER an article in a shop window is priced or not, can I insist that it be taken out for me to buy?—J. A. F., Wallasey, Cheshire.

● An article displayed and priced in a shop window is regarded in law as being merely an invitation to come in and bargain, and not as an agreement to sell. A shopkeeper, therefore, is not obliged to sell any article, whether it is displayed in his window or not.

A COMPULSORY LINK-UP?

OUR local council is laying sewerage pipes through the village and I wonder if I am compelled to have my property connected to the system. And would I be liable for the costs of the connection?—A. C., High Wycombe, Bucks.

● If it is the council's intention to abolish cesspool drainage, which you now use, or if they regard your present installation as being unsatisfactory, you would be obliged to connect your drain to the main sewer.

Otherwise you do not appear to have any legal obligation to alter your present system.

TROUBLE WITH TILES

MY bungalow was completed in July, 1955, and occupied that month. About a month later the toilet was tiled. Recently most of the tiles have dropped off. There has been no excessive vibration, and the cause must be faulty plastering. Our builder refuses even to look at the trouble. Have we any redress?—L. P., New Longton, Lancs.

● Unless the tiles were fixed under a warranty that has not yet expired, it is unlikely that, after such a long period, you could succeed in any claim against the builder.

There is, of course, an implied warranty that the work would be carried out in a proper, workmanlike manner, but as you paid the bill you would doubtless be presumed by law to have been satisfied with it.

RED HOT HEATING

THINKING of changing from coal fires to paraffin-burning convector heaters, I would like to know whether there is any risk to health, or unpleasantness, from fumes, particularly as I have a small son.—J. W. H., Rochester, Kent.

● There is no risk to health from these heaters, and the fumes are negligible if the heater is kept in a clean condition.

KEEPING THE BOOKS

We regret that in our issue of October 10 we failed to make it clear that the auditor of an exempt private company need not possess professional qualifications. He may not, however, act both as auditor and book-keeper to the same company.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Not so dusty:** An all-plastic curtain rail which has received anti-static treatment during manufacture reduces the need for dusting to an occasional wipe down with a damp cloth.

This is a useful step forward, since articles made of thermoplastic have tended to attract dust. Other advantages of the Swish curtain rail assembly are the absence of metal working parts which abolishes rusting, and makes the rail quiet in operation.

The brackets and gliders are moulded in pure nylon and the rail is strong enough to support the heaviest curtain. Complete with fittings the rail costs 2s. 0½d. per foot. By Swish Products, Ltd., Birmingham.

▶ **Safety tip:** Do you always wipe up spilt liquids and grease the minute they are spilt? You should, otherwise if the front-door bell or telephone suddenly rings and you fly to answer, you may have a nasty fall.

▶ **Model paints:** Model makers and handicraft workers will be interested to know of the two new varnish additions to the Humbrol range of paints, a new flat varnish which will transform any gloss surface to a dead matt finish, and a clear high-gloss varnish with exceptional water resistance, suitable for model boats.

The flat finish can be used on china, glass, wood or metal and the clear finish is suitable for most surfaces. Packed in seamless, leakproof ½-oz. tins, both cost 8d. per tin. The clear may also be had in 2-oz. tins which cost 1s. 6d. By the Humber Oil Co., Ltd., Marfleet, Hull.

▶ **Meter beater:** Shilling-in-the-slot meters are often placed in dark corners, so here is a tip for the people who hate fumbling in the dark when they go to put a shilling in the meter.

Paint round the money slot with luminous paint; this will solve the problem.

▶ **Mend those flower heads:** The loveliest and largest blossoms are always the ones which seem to snap first. Usually the head begins to weaken or actually snaps because it is too heavy for the stalk. Make a splint with Sellotape and the flower may last for another week or sometimes longer.

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continued from previous page

was still little money for luxuries. So, as her uncle, Prince Christopher, records, "She learned things not usually included in the education of a princess. . . .

"To make herself useful in the running of the house, to arrange flowers as well as any florist and to wear a dress from a small dressmaker so charmingly that it looked like a model from one of the grand couturiers. In the process she developed independence, much knowledge of life and a great understanding of human nature."

In Greece, more tragedy dogged the family.

Her cousin, the young King Alexander, had fallen in love with Aspasie Mano, the daughter of King Constantine's A.D.C. She was exquisitely beautiful with the profile of a classic nymph. They had known each other since they were children.

King Alexander decided to marry her without asking the consent either of his father or of the head of the Church. He did so. But there was opposition to marriage with a commoner and his bride was banished from Athens.

Less than a year later the young king, virtually a prisoner in his own country, was bitten by a pet monkey and died of poisoning.

Venizelos decided to fight an election with the restoration of King Constantine as the main issue. The result was the complete defeat of Venizelos. The people wanted their king back. Venizelos left Athens by night, slinking away.

Princess Marina celebrated her fourteenth birthday on December 13. This was the day before the plebiscite which resulted in the overwhelming victory for the king and the return of her own family to the home of her childhood.

There were old friends to be greeted; old servants, who with warm southern spontaneity, knelt at her feet, kissed her hands and wept with joy. It was a fairy-tale homecoming for a princess who had already learned through tragedy that the world was far from being a fairyland.

Her bitter experiences when she was hardly in her teens left a lasting imprint on her character: a sense of insecurity. It accounts for her occasional air of reserve today—those transient moods of remoteness which even her closest friends cannot penetrate.

Whatever shadows these tragedies and disillusions may have cast on her young mind, the return to her beloved home in Athens was the supreme joy of the moment. Soon there were picnic parties in the clear, warm sea.

There was a wedding between Princess Helen, eldest daughter of King Constantine, and King Carol of Rumania, then Crown Prince. Princess Marina was a bridesmaid.

One particular game which she played with her sisters and friends was that of "keeping house" in a fig-tree on an island opposite Spetsai, where the princesses spent their summer. Baroness Helena von der Hoven wrote: "Though one of the youngest, Princess Marina was always the ring leader and kept the company in fits of laughter by mimicking her governess. There were also other pranks which necessitated a certain amount of tactics and daring, and her contemporaries learned to know so well that humorous, half-wistful, half-mischievous smile of young Princess Marina.

"One of the favourite games in those days was shooting arrows. The bows were home-made out of flexible branches tied firmly with a bit of string, and great competition took place as to who could produce the best weapon. It was great fun hiding behind trees and rocks and shooting at invisible enemies, and Robin Hood and other similar heroes were very popular at that time."

This happiness, nevertheless, was short-lived. The homecoming turned to ashes all too soon.

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NEXT WEEK: The dashing prince who married Marina

FREE!

Homemaker's MULTI-PURPOSE GAUGE

An invaluable device for the home workshop

Homemakers everywhere will want the HOMEMAKER Multi-Purpose Gauge. Durable, and double-varnished for easy cleaning, this novel device can be used to measure the gauge of screws ; to find the sizes of holes required for fitting screws; to determine the sizes of twist drills; to test grinding the sharpening angles for chisels and plane irons; and set out mitres for sawing.

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DECEMBER ISSUE OUT THURSDAY, NOV. 19

Homemaker

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